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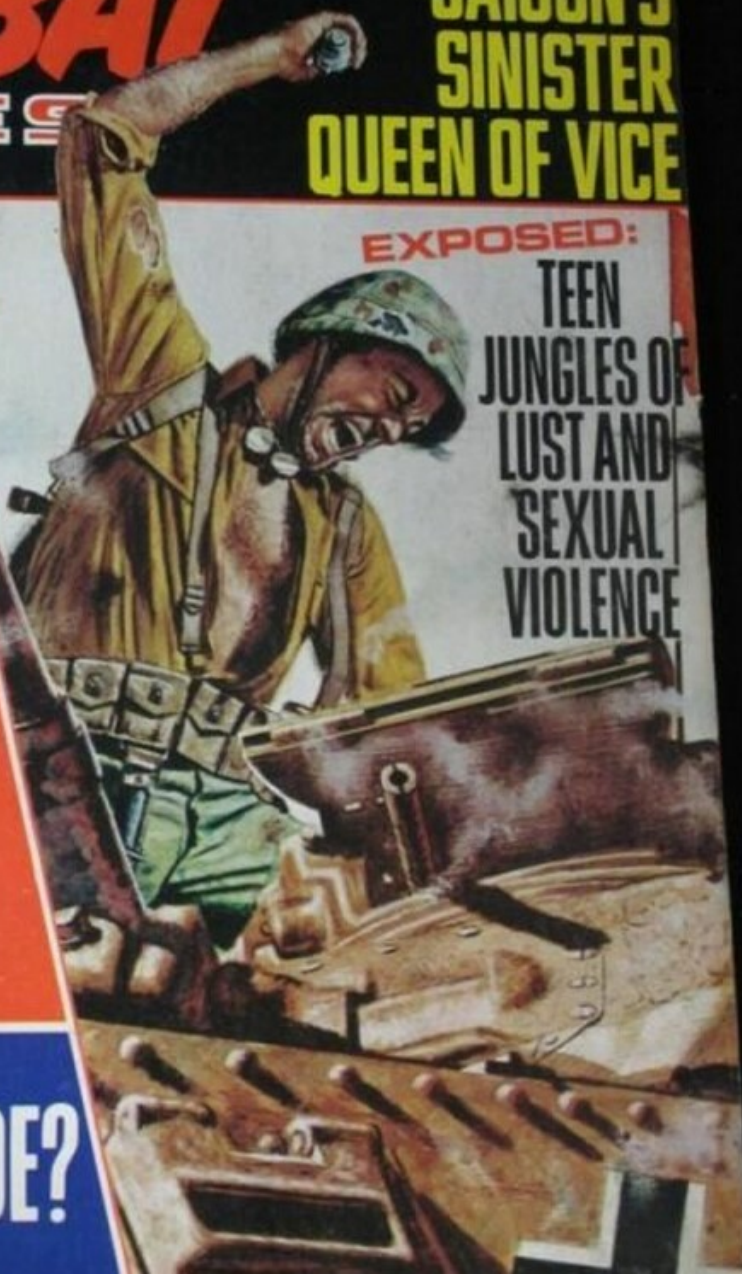
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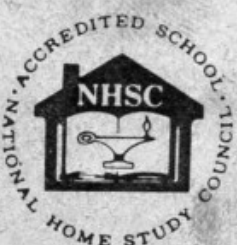
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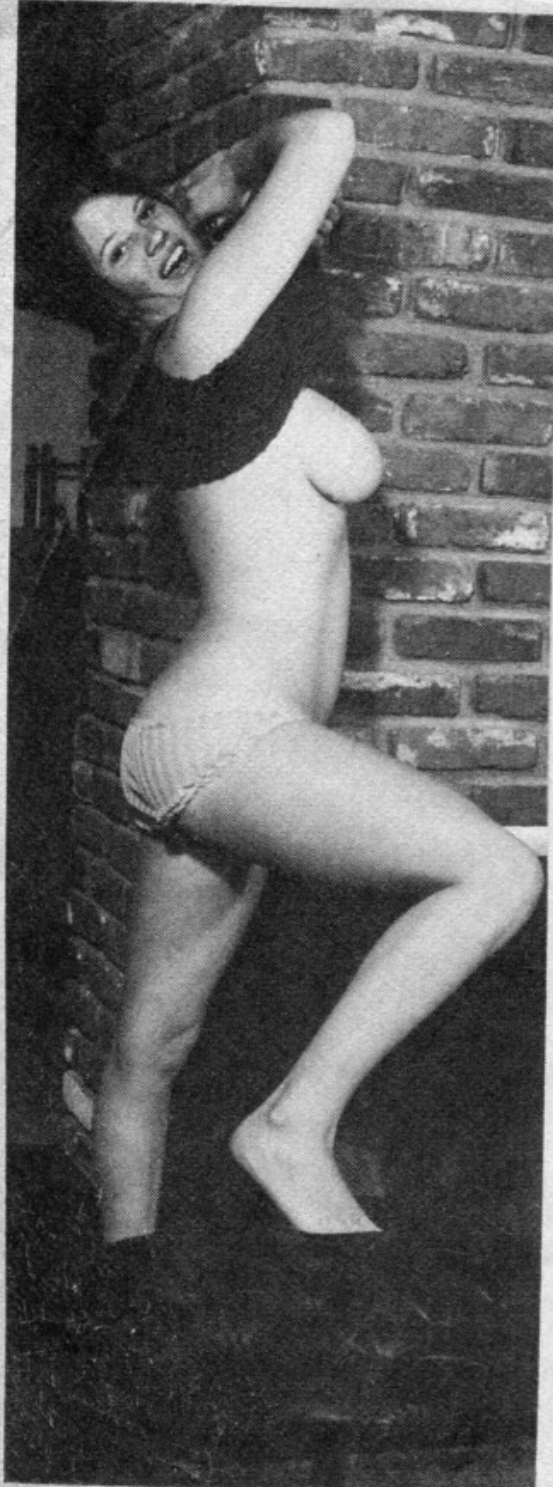
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FEWER DOMESTIC PROBLEMS exist in families where the old man has a regular night out with the boys—at a tavern.

If you don't take our word for it, check with the experts. In this case, a British church group.

The Christian Economic and Social Research Foundation, London, surveyed 400 families with children in a suburb of Cardiff, Wales. Interviews included wives and health officers who deal with domestic difficulties in families.

Welsh pubs help keep families together, was their finding.

Their report indicated that a regular, once weekly night out for the father of a family is an important solvent of the inevitable frictions of "more or less crowded life in restricted quarters."

The report is being given to the government, which is considering liberalizing of drinking hours in pubs.

The pubs usually open at 10:30 AM, close for a couple of hours in the afternoon, open again at 6 PM and close for the night at about 11 PM.

The church survey found that 50 per cent of teetotaler families do not have domestic problems, compared with a no-friction average of 72 per cent of families where the husband drinks out of the house occasionally and 80 per cent of families where husbands go once a week to a local bar.

In families where husband and wife go to a pub *together*, domestic difficulties were even less.

IRISH BUSINESSMEN are going bankrupt at an increasing rate these days, and the reason has got nothing to do with the country's economy. *Not exactly.*

It seems they're unable to cope with bad checks cashed during last year's bank strike which hit Ireland.

Among the firms to close because of rubber checks cashed during the recent

six-month bank closure was ten travel agencies, a handful of shoe factories and a big land-sea transport organization.

As a result the number of jobless has soared to 70,000—or 8 per cent of Ireland's working population—and the total will go higher if any more firms fold.

The true total of bad checks is not known but it's estimated to be anywhere from \$12 million to \$96 million. Ireland's state bank is due to publish its final tally soon.

ONE OF THE LEADING SOCCER CLUBS in Nairobi, Kenya, spent more than \$3,000 recently, on witchcraft.

The cash was used to solicit advice and "forecasts" from witchdoctors before matches. Fees had ranged from \$12 to \$60, according to the importance of the events.

Sports leaders in Kenya officially disapprove of witchcraft in soccer, but despite many social and cultural changes, it shows little signs of losing its hold.

According to William Yeda, the Kenya sports officer, clubs should stop using magic, but, he said, an official ban would not prevent it from being practiced in secret.

Not long ago, before a game between two leading teams, officials of both sides invaded the stadium office and asked the organizers to allow them to check the ball to see if charms had been placed on it.

Most leading Kenya clubs employ at least one witchdoctor and play few games without using their services on strategy and their chances of winning, and before important matches, sentries patrol the stadium to see that no one places a charm on the ball used in the game.

Clubs usually refuse to announce the names of their players in advance for fear that they might be "bewitched." Moreover, the players, coaches and managers often avoid official dressing rooms

and gates for fear of evil charms left there by unsportsmanlike rivals of their supporters.

IF YOU'RE A CIGARETTE SMOKER, you're probably more self-reliant and extroverted than your non-smoking counterpart. But you're not more neurotic.

This was what British scientists reported recently after a series of tests carried out at Newcastle University, London, England.

The tests were taken part in by more than 80 volunteers, which involved taking turns in a "driving simulator."

Generally speaking, the smokers had slightly lower reaction times than the non-smokers. But the experts pointed out that the tests were not intended to show the effects of smoking on driving.

The main purpose of the tests was to provide a suitable method of studying how people behave under stress.

The tests also provided the scientists with an intriguing explanation of why people smoke.

When they need to be stimulated and alert, smokers puff on their cigarettes to get a small amount of nicotine, they concluded. When they're relaxing, smokers tend to puff harder. This provides them with more nicotine, which acts as a tranquilizer.

The work, carried out by a team under professor John Thompson, chief of the Pharmacology Department at the University, was paid for by the Tobacco Research Council.

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MEDICAL TIPS

for MEN

By DICK LAWRENCE



IF YOU'VE GOT INHIBITIONS (and who hasn't) which are tending to make your sexual life something less than desired, talk them over with your partner.

"As drastic a step as this might sound to some," states Dr. Ricardo Mortganez, Fresno, California psychiatrist/marriage counselor, "It is one that will ultimately help your bedroom relationship, and your wife's."

The more you let feelings of puritanism go unchallenged, the more entrenched it will become and the less responsive will be your desires.

THE BEST WAY TO attract trouble is to start off a marriage with a long honeymoon. So states Dr. Lee Stephen Thompson, Baltimore, Md., psychiatrist and marriage consultant.

A honeymoon, he recommends, should be short and sweet, never long and drawn out. "The most surprising thing is that many times a couple gets bored with each other on a lengthy honeymoon," he said.

What he advises is, "two weeks—no more, no less."

He added at a symposium of Fresno, California marriage counselors, that the anxiety and excitement leading up to the wedding puts a couple on their best behavior. Then, suddenly, they're married. They think they know each other, but then they begin to spend 24 hours in each other's company. It's at this time that they realize they really don't know each other at all.

In a strange resort, surrounded by strangers, the discovery that "Prince Charming" snores, or has a few minor faults, can be devastating," said Dr. Thompson.

At home, in a brand new home or apartment, with brand new furniture, a bride can begin to take things in stride. The man gets up and goes off to work, and the wife has a chance to relax, do her daily chores and dismiss the little frailties of her new spouse.

"A honeymoon is quite important, very important, in fact," the doctor brought out. "It is also quite necessary. Just don't make it too long."

DON'T CUT THE HANDSOME FACE and lean muscular figure short; however, far from what most people believe, these big, rugged athlete-types, aren't necessarily the big-time lovers they might surfacely appear to be.

Dr. Boston Reinvoort, clinical psychiatrist at the San Francisco Medical College, maintains that it takes more than looks or mere outward appearance to be a winner with the women.

Despite seeming "proof" to the contrary, women aren't as concerned about looks in their sex partners. On the other hand, Dr. Reinvoort maintains, women aren't going to take the time to learn about all your other good qualities if your appearance repels her.

Make the most of what you have, and everyone, even the pug, has something. Even if you have a face of a pug, you can keep your hair combed and your teeth brushed, and still look presentable. And you don't have to wear expensive clothes to dress neatly. Just make sure the clothes you do wear are neat, clean and pressed.

ALL HUSBANDS WANT their wives to be *sempots* in bed, notes prominent New York state marriage counselor Dr. Stephen Warren, but warns that such a demand made on a wife could be fatal.

"As soon as you let a woman know that you want her to be all-consuming, all-knowing, great as great can be, in relations with you, chances are she'll turn out to be much less.

He brought out that most likely she will become so "up tight" about what a failure she might turn out if she doesn't perform up to your expectations, that she will hardly be concentrating at all on what she is doing, and her efforts at pleasing you will be clumsy and half-hearted.

Dr. Warren suggested that a husband should always regard his wife's lovemaking in a way that he expects her to reach whatever ultimate in sex satisfaction she is innately capable of attaining, no more, no less.

His method: "Don't hesitate to become more verbal (softly) about sex," and "Don't balk at asking your mate what pleases *her*, and by experiment try these different and sundry approaches."

He brought out that husbands should always remember that males and females are frequently different sexually. The fact that a husband might enjoy a coital encounter that resembles a professional wrestling match doesn't mean that his mate will at that precise moment. Or ever, for that matter.

Dr. Warren brought out further that you should watch your wife carefully, on more than a few occasions, noting how she reacts and what she reacts to, and act accordingly.

THE BATTLE AGAINST frigidity will be more than half won if you don't take sex for granted with your partner, but instead, for both your sakes, try and convince her—because it's really true—that you are sincerely interested in her, that you want her to gain satisfaction, and that she doesn't have to be anything but what she herself truly wants to be.

"Obviously," declared Dr. Winston Hallmark, San Francisco, California M.D., and marriage specialist, "this takes a great deal of understanding on your part."

He specified that coitus is merely one sexual act, and is hardly the ultimate in human experience or the basis on which to sustain a marriage.

In fact, women are less easily aroused by sexual stimuli, in most instances, when there is an absence of a feeling of love and devotion as well as a lack of consideration.

"Unlovingness," he said, "can cause a large percentage of women to become fairly frigid."

DESPITE CLAIMS to the contrary, a person's fatigue plays a big part in the intensity of his sex drive.

People caught up in the tensions of their job, pressing bill problems and other things they tend to worry over, are often too tired to engage in normal sexual activity.

This can lead to more problems, states Dr. George P. Walkerman, San Francisco, California gynecologist, for once he begins to believe that he is too tired for sex, he begins to believe that his sex drive is actually decreasing.

GROW MAN GROW!

GROW MAN GROW!

GROW MAN GROW!

GROW MAN GROW!

GROW MAN GROW!

GROW MAN GROW! (Ladies too!)

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"Whoever suggested these nightly board meetings deserves a raise!"



"No thanks, Jameson, my drink is fine, but see if you can go fill these up!"



"You knew my hobby was stereo before you consented to marry me, Grace!"

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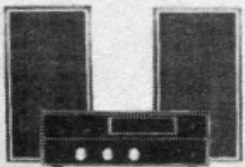
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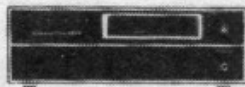
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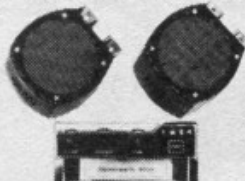
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MY WILD ESCAPE FROM SAIGON'S SINISTER QUEEN OF VICE AND VIOLENCE

Death was a sultry wanton who'd offer me her torrid caress and end our embrace with slaughter.

By Lt. ED KANE as told to BOB SHIELDS

THEY'D smashed their way in right after I'd put the finishing touches to my notes about the Yellow Mansion.

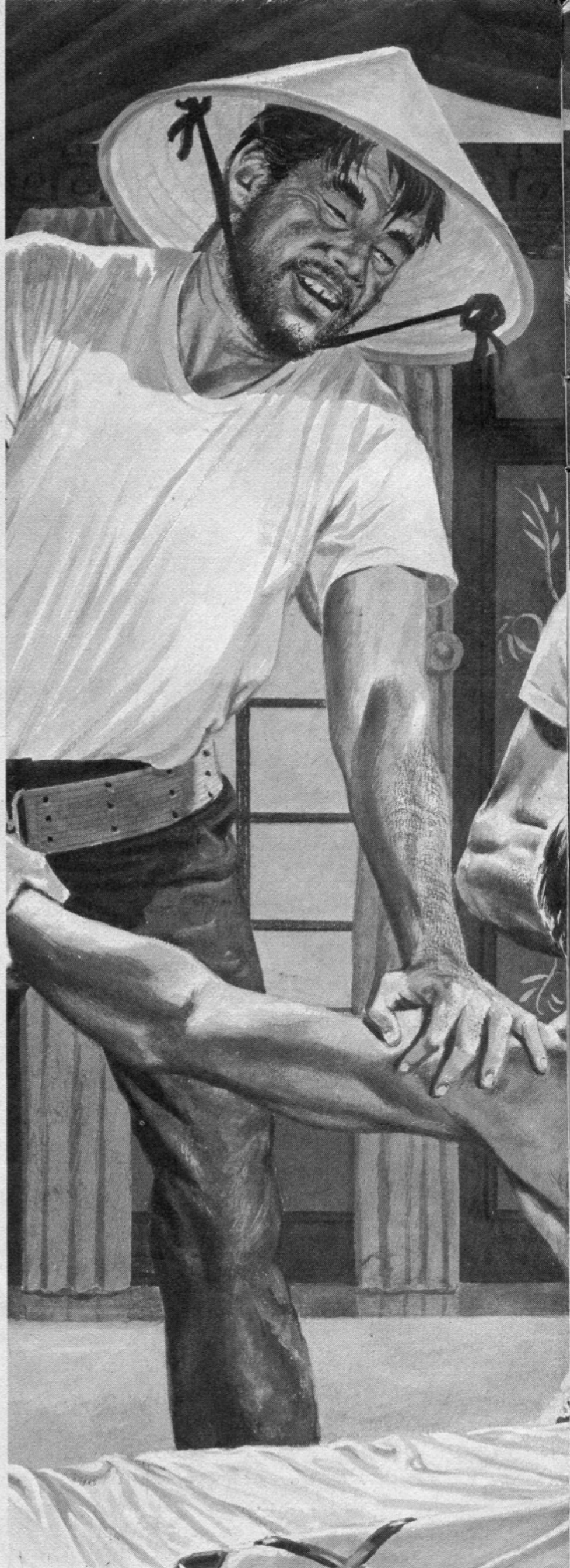
I dove for my gun on the bed. Two of the slopies shot forward and shouldered me off course. I hit the floor with a thud. The other three came up from behind. A bony arm snaked around my throat and pulled back. Fists pounded my face. I was kicked in the groin, gut and sides. One of my attackers tried to crush my kidneys with the heel of his shoe. The arm tightened. My air supply was cut off.

Somebody growled, "No kill! No kill!"

The arm relaxed. I could breathe, but just about. I took four or five more vicious blows to the face with a knee job as a finale. I went down on my hands and knees and watched my blood stain the floor.

Consciousness faded. A strong voice came through the black void and it was the chief's. His blast three weeks earlier came back now as I hovered between reality and a dream.

"What the hell's going on? Saigon's practically an armed camp and you guys don't even have a lead. People are being blown to bits. I don't have to tell you that. The VCs have claymore mines planted everywhere. Hustlers walk the streets with tea canisters full of gun powder. A French woman's kidnaped right in front of her hotel. Little girls are used as walking time bombs. Kane, if you think there's



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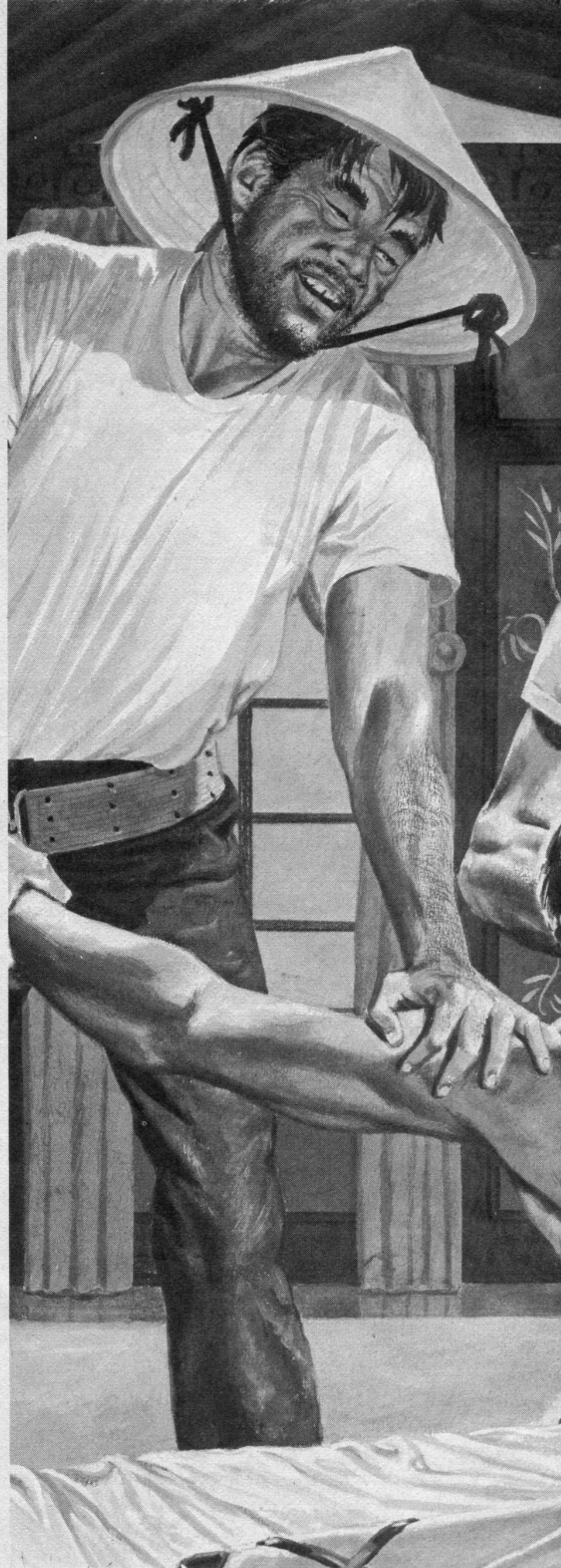
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My arms were twisted to the breaking point. Blood coursed down my face. Through a red haze I saw her reclining before me. I heard what she was saying and knew that I'd never get out of here to tell G-2 what I'd learned.

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something going on at the Yellow Mansion, stay with it until you're sure, one way or the other."

His voice petered out. I was aware of being lifted, of night chill and a dark street. The Yellow Mansion. That's where we were going. The iron gate creaked. Plenty going on. Worth an investigation. But not this way.

I was dragged into a large, well-lighted room. Incense burned and ceiling fans flapped lazily. White-uniformed servants prepared a table and rushed ice-cold whiskies and beers. At the center of the activity was a long-legged, well-proportioned Oriental reclining on a chaise lounge. I was forced to kneel in front of her. My arms were twisted behind my back.

She dragged slowly on a cigarette and stared at me, her face crinkling with amusement. I stared back, took in her mostly-exposed body, then met her dark, probing eyes. "What in hell are you supposed to be?"

She nodded once and the slopies holding my arms snapped them higher. I winced in pain. Her fingers caressed my cheek. "I'll ask the questions."

A slopie handed her my notebook. She opened it and read rapidly. "Thorough, Lieutenant Kane. You've been watching us longer than I thought." She sneered around the mouthpiece of the cigarette holder. "Surprised that I know your name? Very little escapes me in Saigon." She tossed the notebook to the floor and ordered a servant to burn it. "You must be hungry. Join me."

The table held an elaborate Vietnamese garbage

feast: fricasse of python, roast dog and chicken heads supreme. I grunted a negative reply, and an instant later there was a scream at the top of the stairs.

A DOOR swung open. A blonde girl stumbled out. She hit the railing and screamed again as two servants hurried after her. She ran toward the stairs. The men reached out, but succeeded only in grabbing her dress. She pulled away, still screaming, and the material split. At the head of the stairs now, she turned her ankle and fell, tumbling head over heels to the bottom.

The Oriental swung off the chaise lounge and grabbed the dazed girl by the hair. At the first back-handed slap across the face the blonde gasped. She was too stunned to feel the second, third and fourth.

The two servants hurried down the stairs and took over. One of them bowed low to the Oriental. "Madame Trin van Tri, forgive the intrusion."

"See that it doesn't happen again."

He bowed again, then I saw his elbow jerk quickly, as though he had given the blonde a quick, short jolt to the stomach. The girl's face registered pain. Both men dragged her up the stairs and disappeared with her into the room. The door closed. In seconds there were agonizing screams coming from up there. I glared at Trin van Tri, but she was too absorbed in what she was saying to notice.

"The French and the Americans are so much alike. They think only of escape." She rubbed the back of her hand.

"Bet you can really do a job on a kid."

My arms were pulled back and fresh pain lanced through my shoulders. I'd regained enough strength to do more than resent the treatment. I pulled forward suddenly, then went into reverse. My captors whirled. I snapped both arms free and started swinging. The first one went down with a hard blow to the jaw. Trin van Tri called for help. I tried to shut her face with a chopping left, but the other slopie interfered. I belted him on the nose, then sank my fist into his gut. I thought the fight was over; actually it had just begun.

Three servants barreled into me from behind. I sprawled on the floor. I rolled quickly and got up. Two of the attackers came at me. One walked into a hard left jab, but I had trouble with the other. Then the third clipped me from behind, a Judo chop that stunned me. I dropped to one knee. The next chop was the last thing I remembered. . . .

The room was dark when I came to. I ached all over. I stayed still and let my eyes take in as much as possible. I knew I wasn't alone, yet I couldn't see anyone. I was still alive, and that was a mystery all by itself. I was just as dangerous as the notebook they'd burned. And why was that French blonde being kept alive? My head swam with questions.

But one thing I no longer had to ask myself about was the Yellow Mansion. I knew that most of the vice and violence in Saigon emanated from it. I knew too that it was in constant communications with C.O.S.V.N., the Central Office for South Vietnam, whose headquarters were located sixty miles northwest of Saigon, on the other side of Nui Ba Den (Black Lady Mountain). Even if my notes didn't say so, the issue was clear: Destroy the Yellow Mansion and you put an end to organized resistance in Saigon.

One more thing was clear: If I didn't get out of here soon I'd take my information to the grave.



Claudine shuddered. I embraced her and tried to lessen her fears. It was no use. She knew she was marked for death.



Slugs chewed into the planks. We weren't going to make it. Not in a rowboat. Desperately, I put together a wild plan.

I sat up. I still couldn't see anyone. The time to make the break, obviously, was right now.

A gun was rammed into my back. A soft hand stroked my shoulder and I smelled perfume. "Relax, Kane . . . I've waited a long time for you to wake up." She toyed with my ear. Her fingers moved to my throat and they trembled. I felt her breasts pushing into my back. Her breath was hot.

"This why you didn't kill me?"

"What do you think?"

I drew my shoulder away from her. "Get lost!"

She went tense. Her sharp nails gouged flesh from my neck. I spun around, but she'd already leaped up. And now the gun, with a silencer attached, was pointed at a spot between my eyes. "Stay cool, Kane."

MY EYES wandered from the gun to Trin van Tri.

She was naked. I'd never seen a Vietnamese with so lush a figure. I couldn't look anywhere else. I reached out slowly for her leg. "I'm cool." My hand went up to her hip. She sighed and dropped to her knees. The gun was lowered to my chest. There was a superior kind of a sneer on her face now, which said: "You've seen my body and you have to have it, no matter what I am."

My hand stayed for a while at her waist, then moved up. Her lips parted. Her fingers dug into my arm. Her eyes closed. If ever she was ready for cooling it was right now.

I clipped her on the chin. Her head snapped back. I pushed the gun away just as reflex action tightened her finger on the trigger. The hollow thump was

followed by the tinkle of stone chips hitting the floor.

Trin van Tri was out cold. I took the gun out of her hand and stared at her for a moment. I'd cased the Yellow Mansion for three weeks and had never seen her come or go. She was a mystery, but there was no doubt about her importance to the operation. She was the brains behind one of the smoothest Communist organizations to operate in the Saigon area. And it was a cinch G-2 would not crack her.

I hurried up the stairs, stood for a second at the blonde's door, then pushed in.

Both servants dug for their guns. I squeezed the trigger. Hollow thump. One man slammed against a wall. I swung the gun to the other. Hollow thump. That one gripped his stomach and bright red blood stained his whites.

The blonde stifled a scream behind trembling hands.

I motioned to her to follow me. It was apparent she'd never seen death before. She looked at the bodies, her face breaking apart and ready to react with a scream. I closed my fingers on her wrist and yanked her toward the door.

The hall was empty. Below, Trin van Tri was still unconsciousness. I knew what I was up against. The place crawled with servants, Red sympathizers and Viet Cong. They came and went at all hours of the day and night. Hustlers, saboteurs, messengers, smugglers drug peddlers. The front gate was always guarded. Our only hope lay in reaching the Saigon River, about 200 yards behind the Mansion. I guided the blonde down the

(Continued on page 53)

SPECIAL:

HOW WOMEN RATE

By L. T. BOWERS

Secret forces are working within her, guiding her response to you.

A 24 year old red head of our acquaintance recently went through the list of her eligible lovers. Tom she ruled out because he was too virginal. Dick got the axe for being too selfish. Harry was rejected because he didn't respect her.

Now, this was no fickle girl who couldn't be pleased. She was a very normal and willing young woman who wanted to play her role to the hilt. Yet neither Tom, Dick or Harry were getting to first base with her.

We asked her what she meant about Tom's virginal approach.

"I don't mean he's never been with a woman. I don't know whether he has or not. But it's his approach to me. There's something in Tom's attitude which makes the most normal expression of boy-girl affection seem sordid and debased. He's so prissy, he makes Queen Victoria seem like a party girl.

"I know that Tom has been dominated by his mother all his life. From what a psychologist told me, Tom probably has repressed sexual desires concerning his mother. He probably wanted her as a child and developed a severe case of guilt about the fantasies going on in his mind.

"So now Tom approaches adult women in a distorted way. If a girl responds to him, she must be a slut. I've heard that Tom has carried on quite a bit in crib town among paid prostitutes. One of his friends has told me that Tom's the darling of the fast pick up. He said, 'The boy's a real go-go swinger. Dirty jokes, quick hands, plenty of action.'

"Tom's a tyro when he can look down on a woman's social status and morals. But when he meets a girl whom he might marry, he's about as warm as an icicle hanging from a polar bear's nose. He wants his wife to be an ivory statue of virginity. I want to be a wife."

She comments on Dick in these words.

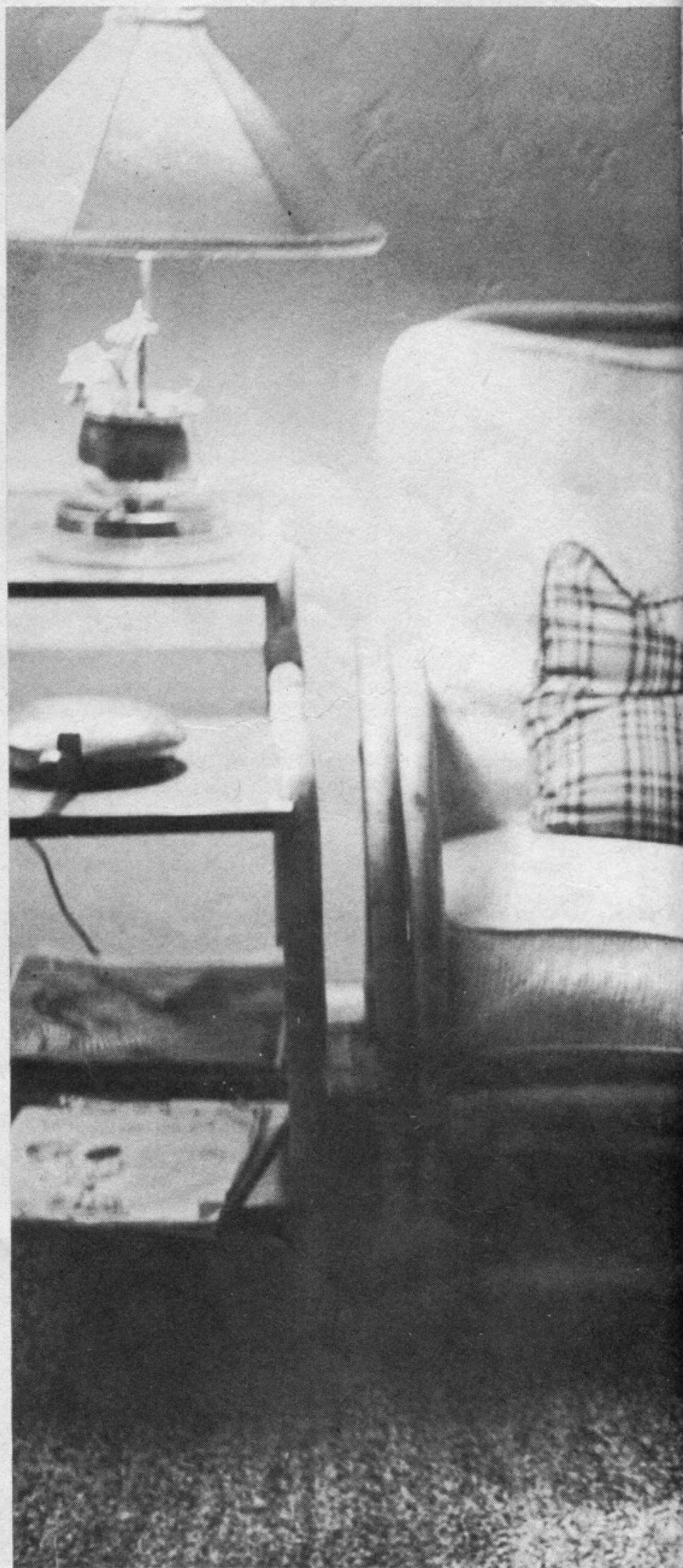
"Damn him. I have a drawer full of torn blouses to show for my wrestling matches with Dick. An evening with him is the fastest hamburger possible in the cheapest greasy spoon closest by, then back here for bunk time.

"Never once has he shown me any consideration. Never once has he asked what I want to do. Never once has he considered whether I was in the mood, or whether his timing left anything to be desired or even if I had emotional needs other than satisfying the drive of his ego.

"And you'd be surprised how many guys there are like Dick around. I call them the *Me First Commando*. To them a woman has only one function. Their demands on her are absolute. They take all they can get and still want more. They give as little as they can get away with and think that's too much.

"You don't have to go a block in any direction and you'll meet of hundred of them. They've got charming names for

(Continued on page 64)



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(Continued on page 64)

YOUR LOVE TECHNIQUES



She wants a man who is one in every sense of the word. But she wants him to be tender as well as passionate. Failing that, he may see her flaming desire snuffed out forever.

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THE INCREDIBLE CHARGE

Nine inches of cold steel and a mile of raw guts made the difference when a line officer showed the Reds America's REAL ultimate weapon

by Ed Hyde


THE grim looking officer took a last look at the sloping hill that loomed ahead and turned his attention to the line of crouching GIs huddled behind the low dike at the edge of the bare Korean rice paddy. Easy Company's CO had made up his mind; "We're taking the hill!" he shouted. His voice barely carried above the sudden blast of machinegun fire and whomp whomp bursts from enemy mortars echoing briefly in the mid-morning cold. "Get ready!" he snapped to nobody in particular.

"Check your weapons," the platoon sergeant hollered as he had done many times before February 7, 1951. "And fix bayonets!" the officer loudly interrupted. He drew his own knife from its scabbard and clamped it firmly on his M-1. Unaware of the deeper meaning of the order, the GIs obeyed without question. Nor did their company commander give them pause to think.

"C'mon you sons of bitches and fight!"

Captain Lewis L. Millett bellowed his battlecry as loudly as he could and vaulted across the dike into the frozen rice paddy. Clutching his rifle at high port he zigzagged his way toward the hill. "Hiyiiiii!" The lean six foot officer shrieked in his best imitation of a rebel yell and turned his head back toward the dike for a fleeting glance. He stopped. Enemy fire began to chew into the frozen ground nearby, kicking up bits of dirt. He turned his back to the hill. Facing the dike concealing the GIs, he shouted: "Follow me!" He gestured for them to come.

Screaming like demons, 15 men popped up from behind the earthen retaining wall and



Roaring flame throwers and cold steel are an unbeatable combination against the Chinese Reds. Surprisingly, few officers were aware of psychology behind bayonet charges.



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OF LEW MILLETT'S FANTASTIC "LONG KNIVES"

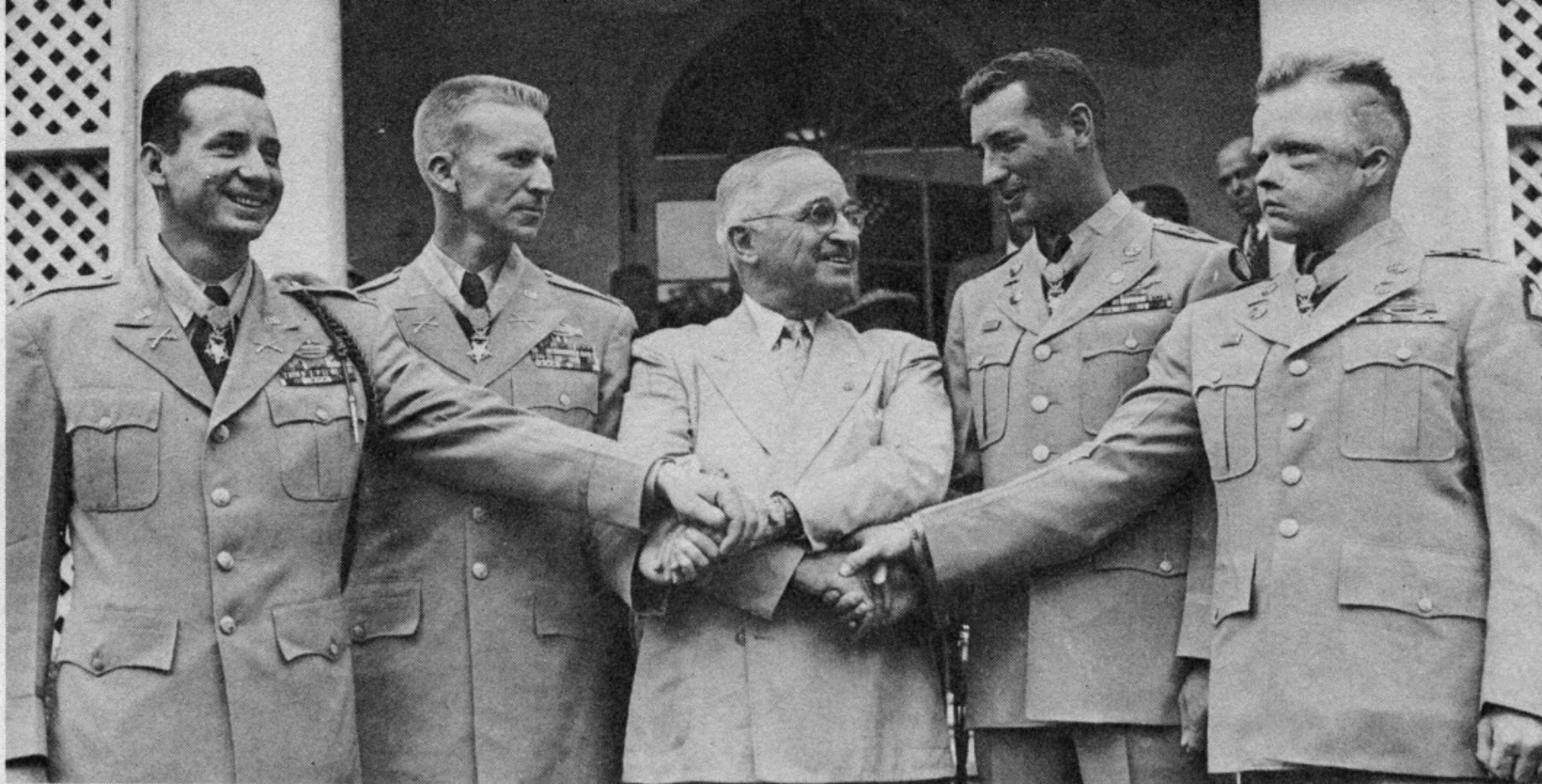


Captain Lewis Millet (left) recognized the need for tanks and automatic weapons, shown at far left during "Task Force Punch," but he had long fought for the use of the long knife as a weapon which could demoralize an enemy. To prove his theory, he participated in a battle described by one historian as "the greatest bayonet attack by U.S. soldiers since the Civil War."

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Medal of Honor winners all: President Harry Truman (center) congratulates four Army heroes of the Korean Conflict. From left are Capt. Raymond Harvey, Capt. Lewis Millett, Sgt. Stanley T. Adams and Cpl. Einar H. Ingman, at White House.

LEW MILLETT'S "LONG KNIVES"

fanned out. "Charge!" Millett's yell had a ring of elation. Shining bayonet blades reflected flashes of light as the undersize platoon dashed through a curtain of enemy fire. Slipping, skidding, falling and rising again, they continued running only to be knocked down by the concussion from incoming mortar and artillery explosions. But they got up and continued to scramble across the bleak terrain in a 500-yard dash to glory.

Breathing heavily they reached the base of the hill and flopped behind a protective finger. Behind them a wild shout sounded above the gunfire and explosions and a wave of tiny green-clad figures appeared, bayonets flashing as they came closer and battle cries sounding nearer. A few figures stumbled and some didn't get up, but the rest of the wave continued to run through the battlefield haze caused by artillery and mortar explosions.

Nobody would have believed eight weeks earlier that Easy Company would have followed Lew Millett anywhere. They met during the latter part of December 1950 when a battered jeep with 27th Infantry Regiment markings on its mud-splattered bumpers chugged into Easy Company's sector on the high ground overlooking the Imjin River north of Seoul. A few of the GIs quietly watched a tall figure hop out of the vehicle. Sporting a wide bushy reddish handlebar mustache beneath a battered helmet on which painted captain's bars were barely visible, he bent and pulled his gear from the jeep, dismissed the driver, and then looked around. In one hand he clutched an M-1 rifle. Grenades were clipped to his musette bag suspenders and a sheathed bayonet hung from his webbed cartridge belt.

This bayonet was to write a fantastic story in blood and win for its owner America's highest combat award — the Medal of Honor — in an action that a leading military historian calls the "greatest bayonet attack by U.S. soldiers since Cold Harbor in the Civil War." Ironically, Captain Lewis L. Millett was unaware of the exact details about the battle of Cold Harbor although his great grandfather fought there on the Union side. But in Korea at the time, as an official U.S. Army observer, was a man who later told the world what a cold steel attack could do. Only as great an authority on warfare as Brigadier General S.L.A. Marshall, America's top military historian, could write up the official citation and make it stick.

Millett wore his bayonet proudly and carried his rifle with conviction. He fervently believed that cold steel and brutal man-to-man and hand-to-hand combat had its place in modern warfare. In fact,

he had just swapped the crossed cannon insignia of the artilleryman for the crossed rifles of the infantry in an effort to prove his point. From a deep foxhole nearby Pfc. Victor Cozares jabbed his buddy, Pvt. John LeCollett, and snorted: "Must be the new CO, Red. Ever see an officer with a rifle? He's even packin' a bayonet. He's green alright."

Lew Millett was a green soldier — once. That was back in 1940 when he enlisted in the U.S. Army. He deserted a few months before Pearl Harbor and joined the Canadian Army because he thought the shooting war in Europe would pass him by. In England he volunteered for commando training. By the time he finished the school for night raiders — including an impressive course in how to fight with cold steel — it was Pearl Harbor plus three months and Uncle Sam was in the war for keeps. Millett asked for and received a transfer to the U.S. Army. America was at war and under the circumstances all was forgiven and he was never courtmartialed or punished for desertion.

Millett fought at Kasserine Pass where GIs first tangled with Rommel's Afrika Korps — and lost. The Pfc. from Dartmouth, Massachusetts, won his stripe when he grabbed a .50 caliber machinegun mounted on a truck and blasted an ME-109 fighter plane out of the sky as it strafed First Armored Division GIs. A Silver Star followed when the scrawny youngster, serving in the artillery despite his commando and Canadian Army experience, drove a couple of ammo trucks to safety while under heavy small arms and artillery fire. He made corporal at Salerno and sergeant at Cassino. He received a battlefield commission in Italy after his artillery outfit lost all of its officers in heavy actions. Toward the end of the war he won the Bronze Star for leading a group of 92nd Division GIs out of a trap. Completely surrounded for four days and nights, they fought off the Nazis with Lew Millett's help. He was the only officer they had, and they followed him in the breakout. He opened up an escape hole in the enemy line by crawling up to German positions and calling for an artillery barrage — on himself.

Five years later he pulled the same stunt in Korea. Official U.S. Army history books later recorded that he stopped cold a Communist army corps of three divisions spearheaded by 200 heavy R-34 Stalin tanks. By calling in a barrage on his own isolated forward observer's position, the artillery officer who wanted to fight in the infantry succeeded in stopping a lead patrol of four North Korean tanks that had just ventured into a strategic pass leading to the Pusan Perimeter



Capt. Millett (above) inspects bayonet that spearheaded a charge in which 147 Chinese Communists were killed. In spite of his victory, he was reprimanded. Reason is vague since battle was won without a single American casualty.

1. Easy Company had good reason to feel uneasy in their foxholes. Their CO was dead, and now the new CO with the mustache was making noises about training with cold steel.

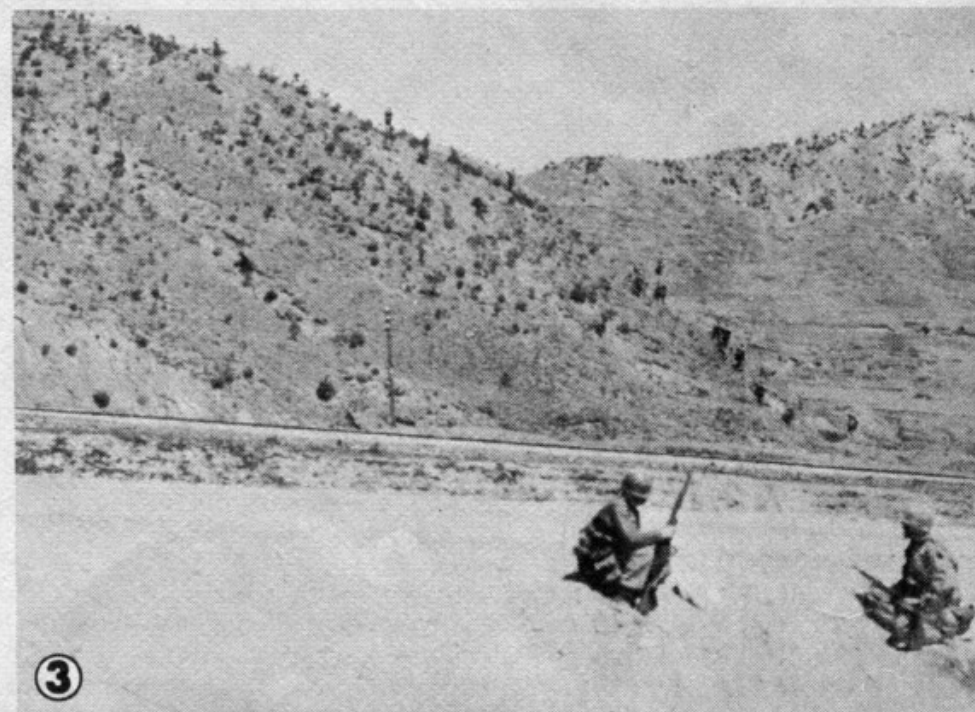
2. Air strikes knocked out North Korean tanks and destroyed enemy-held villages. But how do you rout the Gooks? Easy Co.'s CO had answer when he ordered, "Fix bayonets!"

3. Easy Company's sector was the high ground overlooking the Imjin River north of Seoul. It was here that Capt. Millett led his men on a screaming, slashing 500-yard dash to glory.

where U.S. Army and United Nations units were desperately fighting with their backs to the sea. Millett's bravery in mid-August 1950 went unnoticed although he singlehandedly succeeded in keeping the pass bottled up so that the Reds were stalled in their drive to reach the "Bowling Alley" that led to Pusan.

This was the man whose arrival Easy Company's senior noncom silently watched from the command post. Master Sergeant Don Brockmeier stepped from the CP bunker and hailed Millett. While the sandy-haired officer effortlessly climbed the slope carrying his heavy gear, the veteran sergeant tried to size him up. He had learned through the grapevine that Easy Company's new CO was an artillery officer, that he was considered a "damned good Forward Observer" and that he had "some" World War Two combat experience. Officially, he was told that the company had a new CO assigned. But as far as Brockmeier and the rest of the GIs were concerned, there was no one who could ever replace Captain "Dusty" Desiderio.

Millett knew that he had taken on the toughest assignment in the U.S. Eighth Army. He had asked for Easy Company after other experienced infantry officers had turned down the command for the



same reason. How can a new CO fill the shoes of a heroic officer who was killed and in dying won the Medal of Honor for leading the defense of a strategic hill? Easy Company had received a Presidential Unit Citation for the action. Moreover, Easy Company was part of the legendary 27th Infantry Regiment known as the "Wolfhounds" and dubbed "the fire brigade" because the unit was available for any emergency.

Easy Company's new CO had been personally acquainted with his predecessor, and was wounded in the leg in the same action which cost Desiderio his life. Millett was aware that it would be next to impossible to take the dead captain's place in the hearts of his men. He also knew that his performance would be closely scrutinized by the toughest critics in the world. As he trudged up the hill, he knew that the GIs were watching his every movement. He was now on stage and Desiderio's heroism was a tough act to follow.

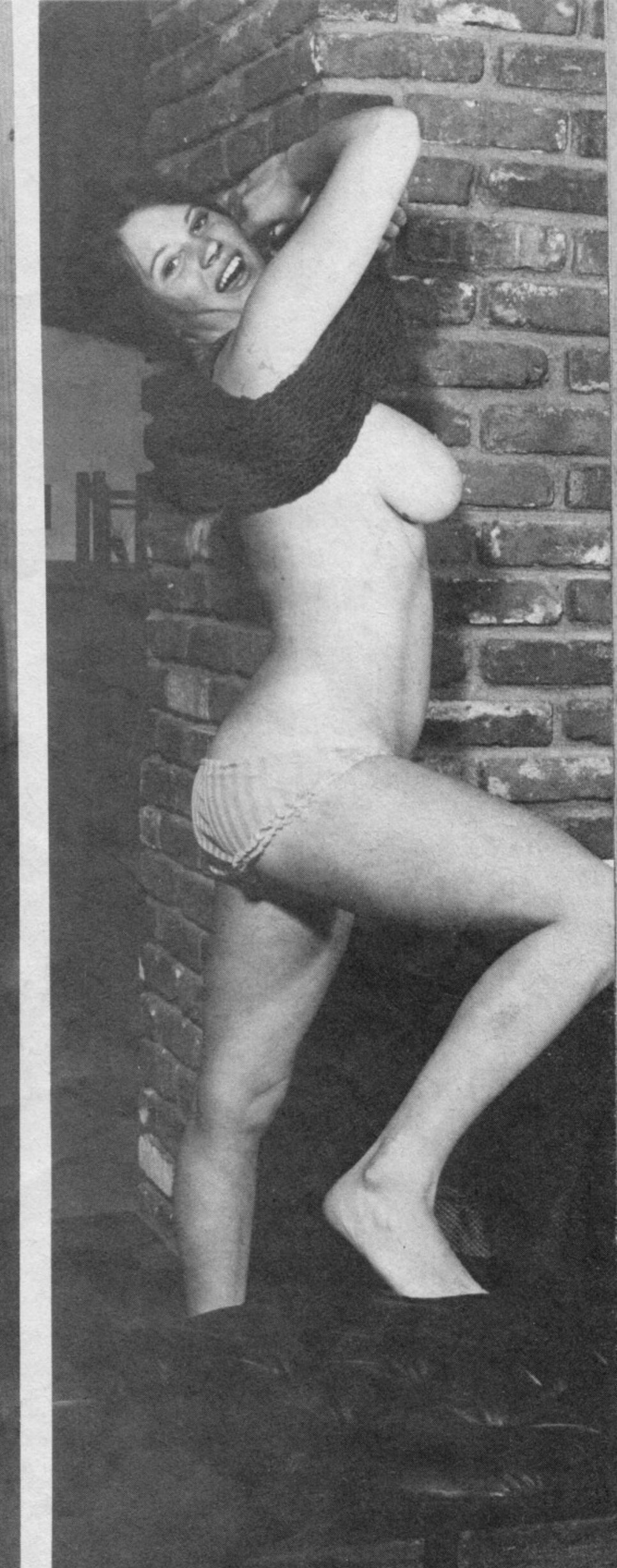
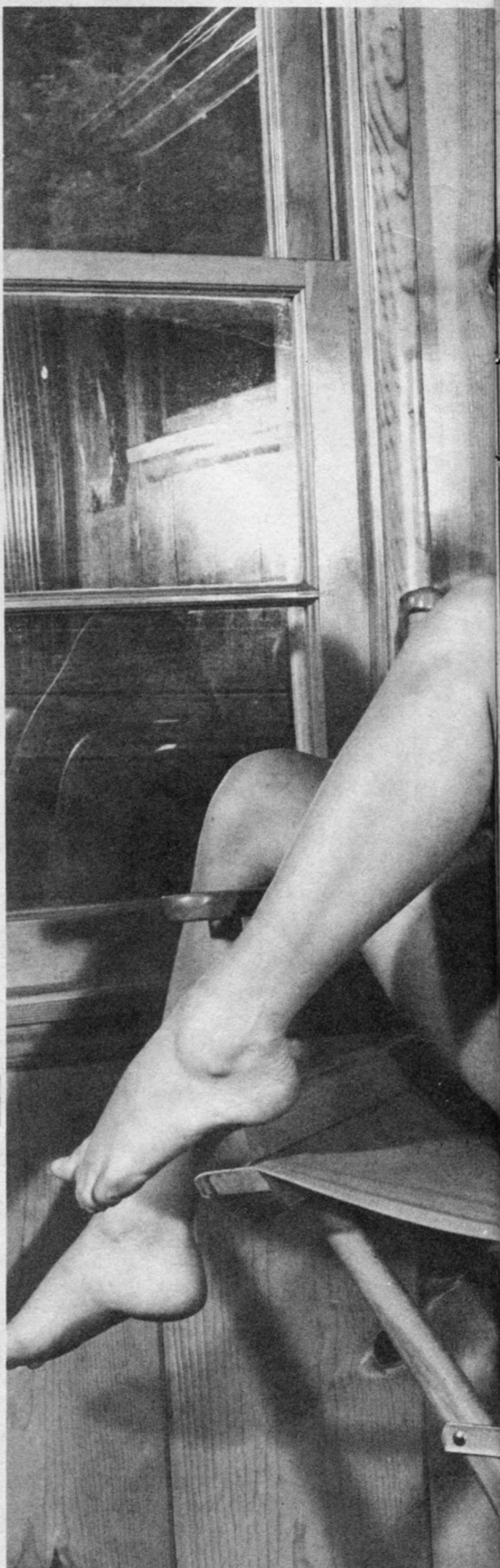
On November 27, less than a month earlier, the Wolfhounds were fighting a rearguard action while the Eighth Army retreated before a massive Communist onslaught. Red Chinese "volunteers" had entered the war four days earlier. An

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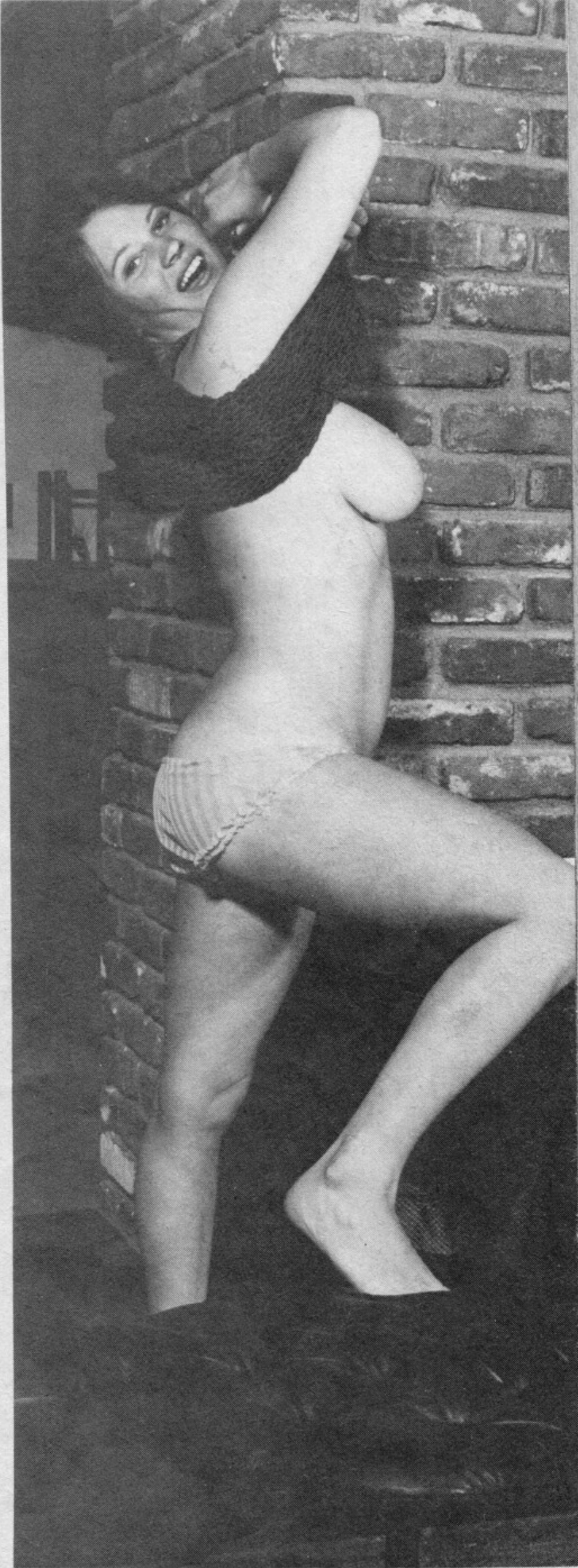
**REAL
COMBAT'S
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REAL COMBAT'S DOLL OF THE MONTH

Lois Harmon (39-23-37) is a New Yorker who earns her bread by posing prettily for shutterbugs, but her dream is to become a singer.



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SELF TEST: ARE YOU COMMITTING SEXUAL SUICIDE?

Ten questions seemingly wholly unrelated to sex may give vital clues to your impending peril.

By JOHN BRANDON

A car lies in a ditch, its wheels spinning in the air.

In an other part of town, a man who has just reached his 45th birthday clutches his chest. His skin is tinged blue. His eyes bulge from their sockets. They are already glazing over.

Although it's still early afternoon, a third man sits in the darkness of a nearly deserted bar. He toys with his glass, bolts down its contents, orders another.

A supervisor in a nearby bank screams at his assistant. His head pounds with the accumulating nervous tension. His finger nails dig into his palms, turning them white.

A two hundred pounder smacks his lips in appreciation of the meal he has just gorged down. He searches the menu. The waiter taps his order pad expectantly. Without being told, he knows it will be the banana cream pie, specialty of the house.

These are five victims of America's sex war. Two died today. The other three will have been buried by the end of the year. Each man is in his prime, should be looking forward to years of a productive and happy life. Each is systematically killing himself.

Just as certainly as if he held a cocked pistol at his head, each of these men has set a collision course with death. He has developed what psychiatrists call "a death wish." The wish is no fantasy. He is taking the necessary steps to fulfill it.

Let's take the man *(Continued on page 68)*



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EXPOSED

THE TEEN

Is there an evil conspiracy at work which is turning our kids into blood-crazed wild animals?

by Seth Layne

A DANGEROUS subculture is forming in this country. It is being witnessed in Chicago, Cleveland, New York, Detroit, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Because of it, there is a growing uneasiness in small towns. Suburbanites are aware of its growth, but prefer not to see it. Their doors are locked, their ears shut.

The subculture we speak of is the lusting teenager.

Almost as if by design, his viciousness in Chicago is felt in New York and echoed in Miami. It is no accident that the gang-rape in Boston is similar to the one that occurs in St. Louis. No matter where you look you will find that his activities, his anger, his lust for victims, is characteristic.

He is part of an underlying pattern of growth. He is the social malignancy of our society.

He can't be cured.

He *won't* be cured.

Nor will he stop marauding, raping and pillaging until he has turned our cities and towns into the kind of environment he wants.

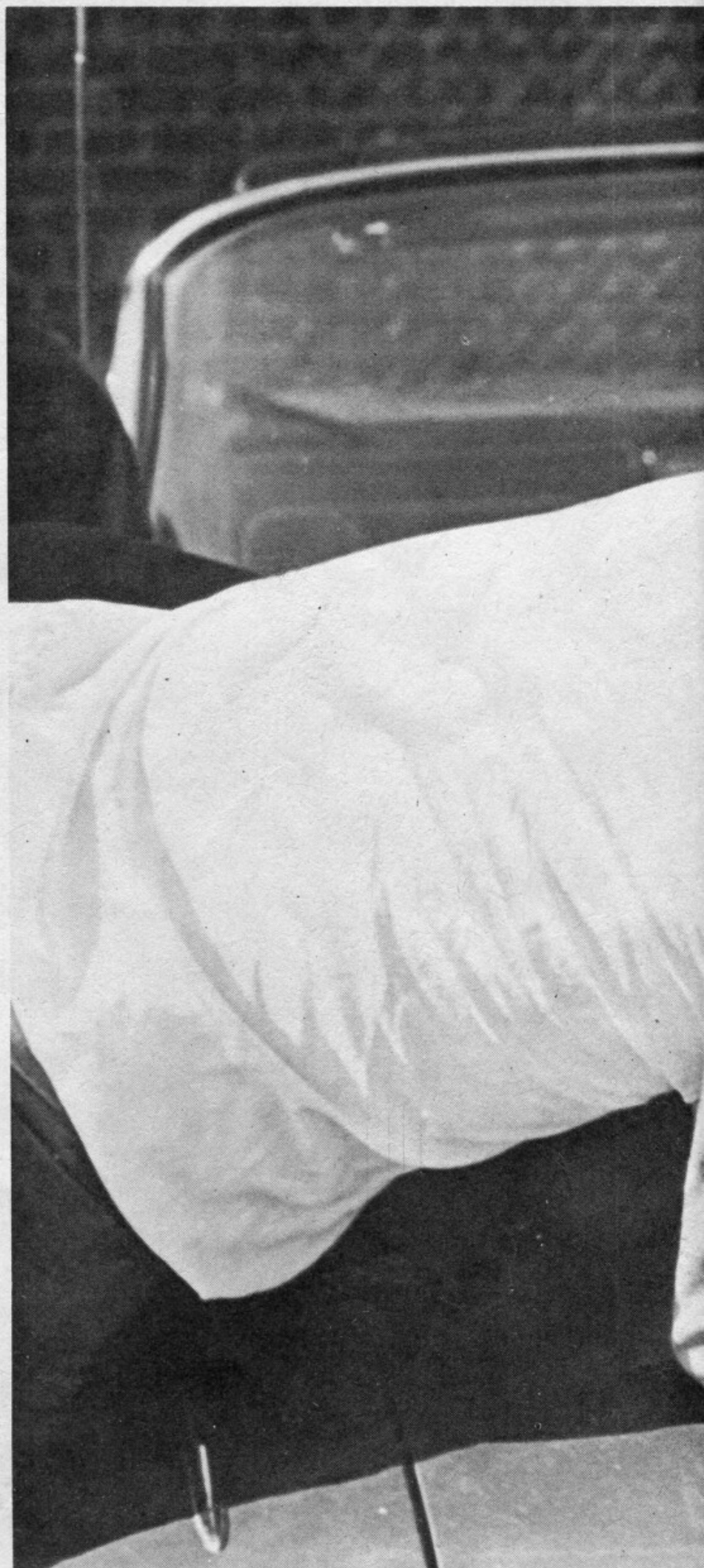
Which is a jungle.

Want to meet him in person? Throw a party. Or watch what happens when your neighbor gives a party for his son or daughter. Watch the lusting ones come out of the shadows and force their way in, eating and drinking everything in sight, roughing up guests and destroying furniture.

We are not talking about isolated cases, nor are we talking about gangs of four or five youngsters anxious for some innocent hell-raising.

Several hundred party crashers invaded a home in White Plains, N.Y. recently and completely wrecked the interior. One thousand overran a home in Los Altos, California and wantonly destroyed dozens of priceless objects. At a sweet sixteen party given for a girl in Roosevelt, Long Island not long ago, dozens of toughs crashed in with lead pipes, lug wrenches, nail-studded boards, bricks and beer bottles. A riot broke out and six invited guests were seriously hurt. Scores of teenagers converged on a party at another Long Island community last summer and introduced hard liquor. Drunk, disorderly and obnoxious, three of them conered the

(Continued on page 48)



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JUNGLE OF LUST

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120 DAYS OF SLAUGHTER THE FANTASTIC GLORY OF THE THUNDERBIRDS

**They walked into hell
to write a legend of
glory with their blood**

by Jim Arthur

OFFICIALLY, it was called Operation Shingle. General Mark W. Clark, U.S. Fifth Army Commander described it as a "calculated risk." In speaking of the Allied effort here, German Field Marshal Albert Kesselring said it was an "epic of bravery." Winston Churchill said of the assault landings on 22 January, 1944: "It will astonish the world..." Hitler called it an abscess that had to be lanced.

To the dogfaces on the insecure beachhead 15 miles long and 7 miles deep it was war at its dirtiest—an endless nightmare of screaming shells, Luftwaffe raids, surprise attacks, breakthroughs that threatened to push the Americans into the sea and the kind of hand-to-hand fighting reminiscent of the trench battles of World War I.

Before it was over a town's name would become a dirty word.

Before it was over a respected American general would be relieved of his command and die, later, broken and bitter. Here, the entire Infantry Lehr Regiment (German) made up of "excellent human material," would break and run. Here, Americans would turn away from battle, sobbing hysterically. The desperate Allied gamble to reach Rome would become a savage fight for survival under the most terrible conditions ever experienced by soldiers anywhere. It was the battle of Anzio.

Initial assault waves swarmed ashore at 0200. By midmorning the 3rd Division, landing on X-ray Beach just south of Anzio, was three miles inland and had destroyed four bridges along the Mussolini Canal. Three battalions of Rangers, including William O. Darby's Ranger Force, had seized the port of Anzio without a struggle. The 509th Parachute Infantry Battalion moved south along the coastal road and took Nettuno. The British 1st Division struck at Peter Beach, north of Anzio, and by midday had moved two miles inland.

The 45th Infantry Division (Thunderbirds) was held in reserve.

By midnight on D-day the Allies had nearly 40,000 men and 3,000 vehicles ashore. There had been no opposition. General Siegfried Westphal later admitted that there had been only a few German units between Anzio and Rome, and in the Eternal City itself the German High Command had only two weak battalions for defense. An audacious flying column could have penetrated the gates without trouble.

But there were no flying columns and no advances beyond the 7-mile penetration. On D plus one, more troops came ashore. The Thunderbirds arrived on the fourth day, but were still in reserve. Kesselring saw the pattern and was pleased by it. The Allies were handing him on a silver platter the time he so desperately needed.

In a burst of immense energy and resolution, German forces sped toward Anzio from northern Italy, southern Italy, Germany, France and Yugoslavia. The 715th Division drove in from Avignon, France. From southern Italy came the 3rd and 29th Panzer Grenadiers, 71st, and Hermann Goering Divisions. Advance elements of the 65th and 362nd Divisions poured into the Rome area.

It wasn't until the eighth day of the invasion that Major General John P. Lucas, U.S. VIth Corps Commander, decided the time was right for an attack. On the following day he would move three divisions forward.

But it was too late. Kesselring was ready for him.

Lucas' hesitation was described as a lack of aggression. He was severely criticized for not having seized the opportunity that was open to him. Because of the disaster at Anzio, Lucas was to become one of the most tragic figures of World War II. But to say his course of action was entirely without merit would be unfair. He explained in his diary:

"Had I been able to rush to the high ground around Albano (Alban Hills)...immediately upon landing, nothing would have been accomplished except to weaken my force by that amount because the troops sent, being completely beyond supporting distance, would have been immediately destroyed. The only thing to do was what I did. Get a proper beachhead and prepare to hold it. Keep the enemy off balance by a constant advance against him by small units, not committing anything as large as a division until the Corps was ashore and everything was set. Then make a coordinated attack to defeat the enemy and seize the objective. Follow this by exploitation."

At this time, shelling began in earnest. German 77s and 88s, situated in the Alban Hills, rained shells on the beachhead in a barrage that was to last, with various degrees of intensity, for four months. At dusk on



German snipers harassed Americans in Cisterna, but because of Kesselring's military errors, his cause was lost.

GIs cursed treacherous wadis which laced the countryside. Caught in these deep irrigation ditches, they often found themselves in savage contests with ambushing Nazi soldiers.

23 January the Luftwaffe made an appearance. Dive bombers swept low over the beach and dropped their loads. Torpedo bombers skimmed the surface of the water and slipped their deadly missiles under the waves, bringing devastation to the liberty ships and landing craft anchored offshore. Glider-bombers hovered far above the range of flak and radio-controlled their strange new gliding bombs to direct hits on ground installations and American and British destroyers.

Allied positions deteriorated rapidly. At Cisterna, Derby's Rangers found themselves surrounded by the Hermann Goering Division. Supported by tanks and artillery, the German infantry annihilated the Americans. At Ranger Force Headquarters, Colonel Darby was heartsick. He had to be restrained almost forcibly from rushing to his men. Of the 767 Rangers in his unit, only six returned.

The 3rd Division's attack lasted from 30 January to 1 February. Their drive toward Cisterna was stopped cold by units of the Hermann Goering Division, 715th Division and the 26th Panzer Division. In the see-saw battle it was the Americans who finally had to give ground. Of the 800 men who launched an attack to cut Highway 7, only 150 remained.

The 1st British Division made some progress. It had held Campoleone and had pierced Kesselring's main line of resistance. But the cost in lives and equipment was staggering. The tanks of the 1st U.S. Armored Division bogged down in muddy fields, fell into ditches and stumbled over obstacles. In the flat terrain they were sitting ducks for German artillery.

The Thunderbirds, under General William Eagles, were taken out of reserve. The outfit was made up of men from Oklahoma, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona and included 1,500 American Indians from 28 tribes. The 45th Division had fought a fierce battle at "Bloody Ridge" near San Stefano, Sicily, then at Scoglitti, and at Paestum, in the Gulf of Salerno. They'd smashed the German Winter

Line at Venafrò and had liberated 800 Polish soldiers from enforced military service. Now they were here at Anzio, again ready to show their might to the seasoned herrenvolk German troops.

The Thunderbirds moved into position along a four-mile front that stretched from Padiglione to the area on both sides of the Anzio-Albano road. The 180th Regimental Combat Team took up the right flank; the 179th manned the center in front of the heavily fortified town of Aprilia and the 157th RCT, under Colonel John H. Church, was ordered to hold the wadi country south of Buonriposo Ridge and across the key road.

The full weight of the German offensive was about to fall on the 45th Division.

Enemy artillery never ceased. Forward observers were able to spot every GI who walked on the beach or over the flat areas surrounding Anzio and Nettuno. Field hospitals were hit so often that many GIs treated their own wounds in foxholes rather than risk the peril of lying on cots above ground in the hospitals. Knowing they were constantly under observation, Americans developed the "Anzio gait," a hunched over position of walking engaged in when it was necessary for them to leave their holes. Even a lone straggler hurrying to a chow tent was provocation enough for the Germans to unleash a terrible barrage of nebelwerfers (screaming meemies) or ten or 12 shells from an 88. At the scene, Ernie Pyle wrote:

"There on the Anzio beachhead nobody was immune. It was not only a standing joke but a standing fact that a lot of frontline people would not voluntarily return to the hot Anzio-Nettuno area for a small fortune. People whose jobs through all the wars of history have been safe ones were as vulnerable as the fighting man. Bakers and typewriter repairmen and clerks were not immune from shells and bombs. Table waiters were in the same boat.

"When I was back at the harbor area writing, I ate at a mess for staff officers. Twice within ten days big shells demolished buildings on either side of that mess."

Then, during the hours before dawn on 16 February, the enemy stopped firing. Not a sound came from the German lines. The men of the Thunderbird Division braced themselves. They knew what was coming. What they didn't know was the size of the force opposing them.

They would learn soon enough.

At 0630 the German 715th Infantry Division launched an enormous force along the Anzio-Albano road. Three American tanks fired point-blank at the enemy to hold them off. The Germans poured through the seam between the 179th and the 157th Regiments, almost completely decimating the unlucky company defending this vital point. Under cover of smoke, survivors crawled to the wadis for protection.

German mortars saturated the areas ahead of their advancing troops. The Thunderbirds were pushed back a mile, not far from the final beachhead line. Despite the breakthrough, the defenders managed by dogged resistance to keep the enemy from rolling into the rear areas.

One of the outfits hardest hit was the 2nd Battalion, 157th Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Laurence C. Brown. His unit held a front 1,500 yards wide on the Anzio-Albano road south of Carroceta. The terrain was rugged, with a series of caves dug into a ridge which extended nearly the entire length of their front. Below the ridge were the wadis—ten to 30-foot deep watercourses which supplied irrigation to the nearby farms. The wadis had been christened by the British, who remembered the dry cracks in the ground in North Africa and the Arab name for them—the Wadis.

The first wave of the German attack overran both flanks of the 2nd Battalion. Communications with adjacent units were lost. Facing similar conditions, other unit commanders might have contemplated surrender. Colonel Brown decided against it. His was a "lost" battalion destined for annihilation because it represented a threat to the Germans who had already advanced beyond it. Still, the caves and the wadis below offered good protection. He hoped to hold out until the Germans were pushed back or until re-inforcements arrived. He told his officers to hold at all costs.

One of these officers was Lieutenant Ralph L. Niffenegger, 3rd Platoon, Company G. His force consisted of thirty riflemen and a light machinegun section of eight men and two guns.

Heavy fog and haze reduced visibility to a few feet. At 0630, the time of the German jump-off, 88s and mortars destroyed Niffenegger's wire communication with his company CO. The lieutenant termed the shelling as "probably the heaviest concentration (he) ever endured." But it was over minutes later and he and his men stiffened for the attack which was certain to follow.

(Continued on page 60)



Every farmhouse was a German pillbox. Because of stone construction, they were invulnerable to artillery. G.I.'s defending resort city (below) were less fortunate. Entire city and beachhead area were under constant enemy shellfire.



AIN'T SHE PURDY?





Blond, vivacious Heather Purdy hails from London, where she models and plays bit parts on TV. "But I love it in America," she says.



"My only regret," says Heather, "is that some day soon I'll have to leave your shores." Our charmer is 22, stacks up at 36-22-36.



AMERICA'S SEX



Odds are usually much pleasanter. In peak season they may go as high as four girls to a guy. The resort offers group activities to please all tastes, but no one raises an eyebrow if you prefer to whisk your doll(s) to one of the secluded islands that dot the huge lake. What happens there depends on what kind of sexual games you prefer.

by ROY HARPER

Every islet is a potential Garden of Eden where the gals set a torrid pace and call it a sporting game of chance

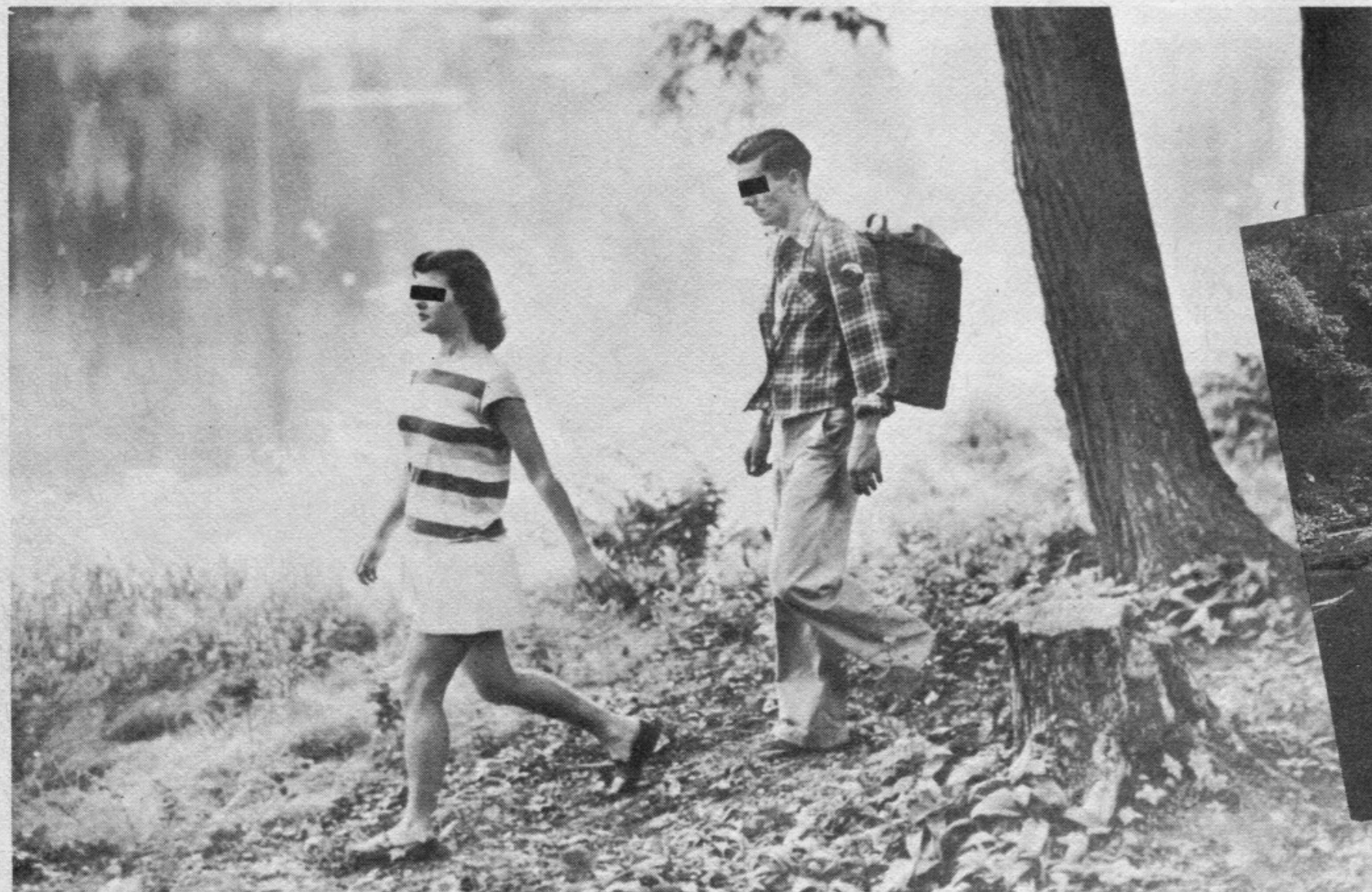
TONI ran her hands through the tawny blondness of her hair. She stood on tip toes, stretching indolently like a big lazy cat. She watched me, grinning happily as she measured me.

"You're blushing," she teased, pointing at the collection of still damp panties and bras which hung from the clothesline.

"Can't you tell the difference between blushing and a sunburn," I shot back.

"I'm about to find out," Toni challenged. She ran her hands down over her breasts and tugged at the belt of her skintight dungarees. "This is where they separate the men from the boys, friend. And I don't have time for adolescents."

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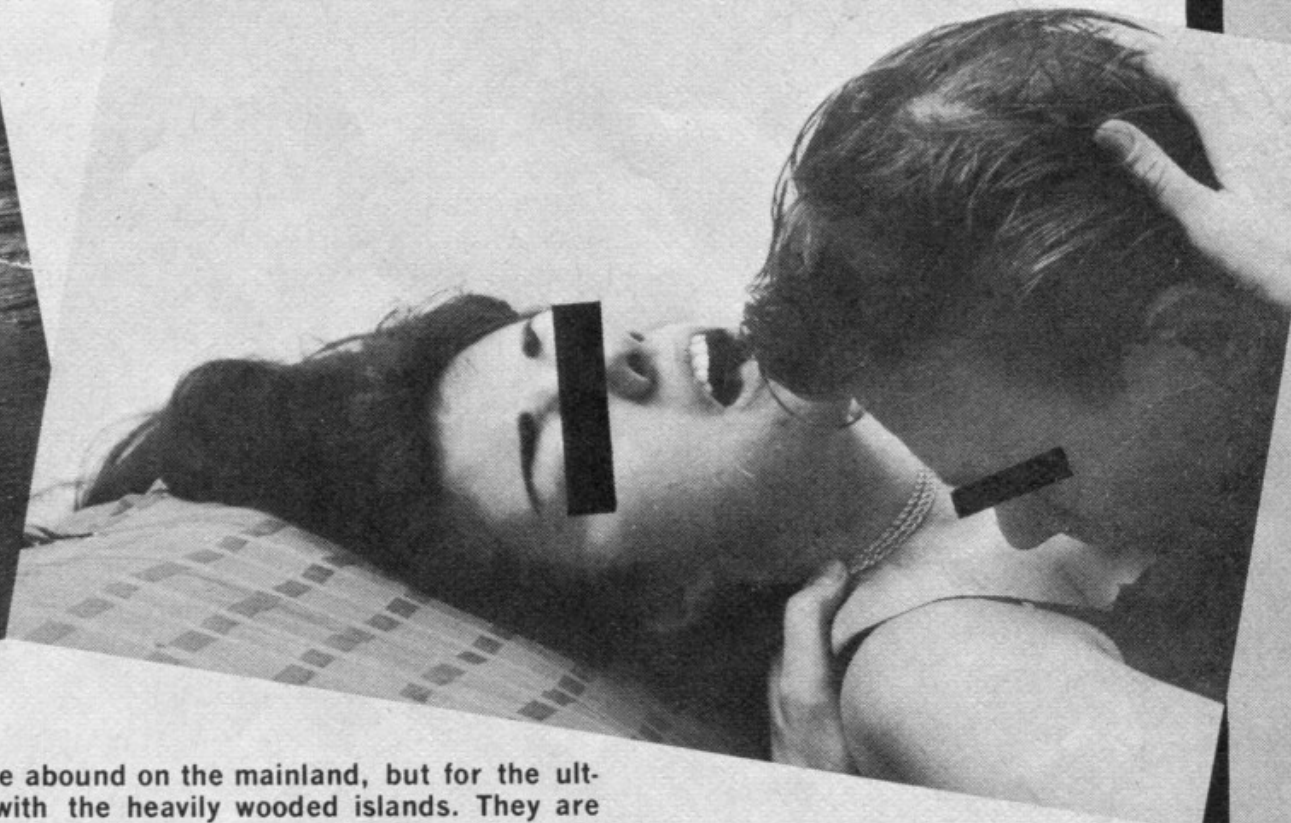
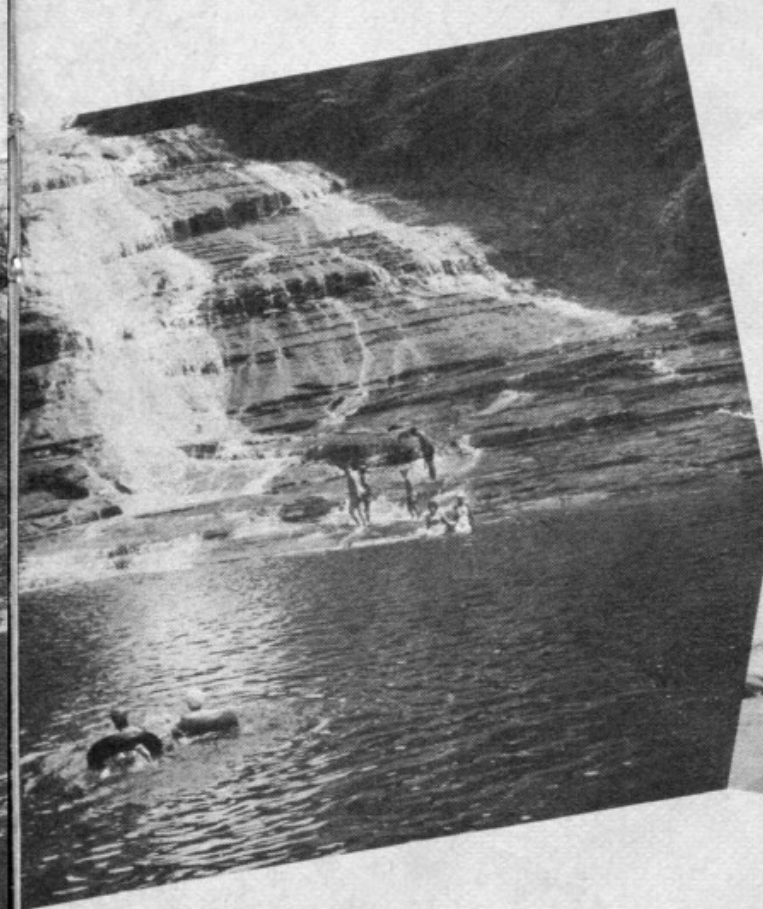
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ISLAND PARADISE WHERE ANYTHING GOES



Romantic spots and beautiful landscape abound on the mainland, but for the ultimate in privacy nothing compares with the heavily wooded islands. They are great for picnics, barbecues, parties or whatever else you may have in mind. Most swingers agree—the area offers more for a guy's cash—including available chicks.

Her smoky eyes were impudent and challenging. They never left my face as she tugged her man-tailored shirt out of her jeans and began unbuttoning. Her nylon covered breasts exploded into view. I felt my sunburn getting a hell of a lot hotter.

A moment later I was burning up as Toni began wriggling out of her jeans. This gal was stacked. She may have worked in an office all year, but she hadn't developed the slightest semblance of stenographer's spread. Her thighs were firm. The long muscles rippled easily under their lush covering of soft flesh. Her hips were pleasingly plump under her tight black panties. Her belly was flat, emphasizing the full breasts.

(Continued on page 56)



Privately owned isle shows general size. Once you've tied up your boat, it's up to you and her to make it a paradise.

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(Continued on page 56)



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THE FANTASTIC MADAME

Lorraine's shameless cocottes dispensed kisses and favors with an abandon that had Parisians rocking in their high-button shoes.

TRAFFIC came to an absolute standstill on the Champs Elysees. The Boulevardiers who were scampering to their sub rosa trysts at Maxim's ordered their carriages halted, stared, blinked and roared their approval.

Several old dowagers, royalists from the days of the Empire, sniffed their disapproval, mouthed words which sounded suspiciously like, "Sodom and Gomorrah," gathered their street-length skirts around them and with backs stiff with indignation marched down the street.

Several nursemaids tugged furiously at the little moppets who pointed at the victoria and asked, "Nana, why do those beautiful ladies wear only lingerie? What are they doing to the coachman?"

(Continued on page 52)



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(Continued on page 52)

WHO MADE PAREE GAY

By BILL RYDER



Even a lackey could enjoy Lorraine's charms.

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I'LL DO ANYTHING CONFESSIONS OF A NARCOTICS

I've lost everything—my self respect, my talent, my career. All that remains is the crazed need driving me from man to man.

by Vera Dunn

SEVENTH Avenue and 48th Street can lead a million miles to the stars. It can be the departure point for a sky ride to fame, fortune and unbelievable happiness. Or it can lead two blocks down straight to Hell.

Pass the spot most any afternoon about five o'clock and you'll see what I mean. Opposite the Metropole the little groups collect. They're the in people, the swingers, the hip. The guys are all done up in their dark glasses, long hair cuts, skin tight pants and open necked sport shirts. The girls are bursting the seams of their stretch pants. They strain the buttons of their blouses. Their espadrilles tap the pavement with an undulating beat.

This is where the combos and the bigger bands stand muster for the trips to the resort areas which surround New York City. From here it's a fast junket north over the New York Thruway to the lake country where the swingers play their weekend stands.

We go up there in the hopes of being discovered. After all the biggest names in show business got their start in the Borscht Belt. Why not us?

Some of us make it all the way. Five years from now our names will be on the big billboard over the Winter Garden. Or they'll be lining up in the snow in front of an N.B.C. television studio just to see us.

The girls dream about it. They can see themselves dripping mink, signing autographs, living the good life. The guys are something else again. They dream of making the big hit on a hundred to one shot at the Big A. Maybe their number will come in or they'll make a killing on a wild cat stock. They drink hard, talk hard, take their loving wherever they can get it. They're professional musicians. To them swinging is a way of making a buck, very little more. They figure they can always hook on somewhere for a little walking around money.

I know quite a few of them. But if you ask them about me, they'll shrug and say, "The chick hasn't been twisting with us for a long time. She's from poisonville, man. Give her a wide berth, Sweet Daddy. She's nothing but trouble."

I don't hate them for their feelings about me. But they did this terrible thing to me. As I sit here in this greasy spoon and talk about myself, I realize what I've become. For this I despise them, all of them; the agents, the gals, the musicians, the guys I hook on the street now. Most of all, I guess I hate myself.

It's easy to say they did it to me against my will. But that is a lie.

Continued on page 50)



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Continued on page 50)

FOR A FIX!! RIDDEN SONGSTRESS



Alone like this, the terrible things I've done to feed the monkey close in to smother me. This is when I hunger for what only a man can give me. But I know none ever will.

FOR A FIX!!

RIDDEN SONGSTRESS



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**WATER
SPRiTE**





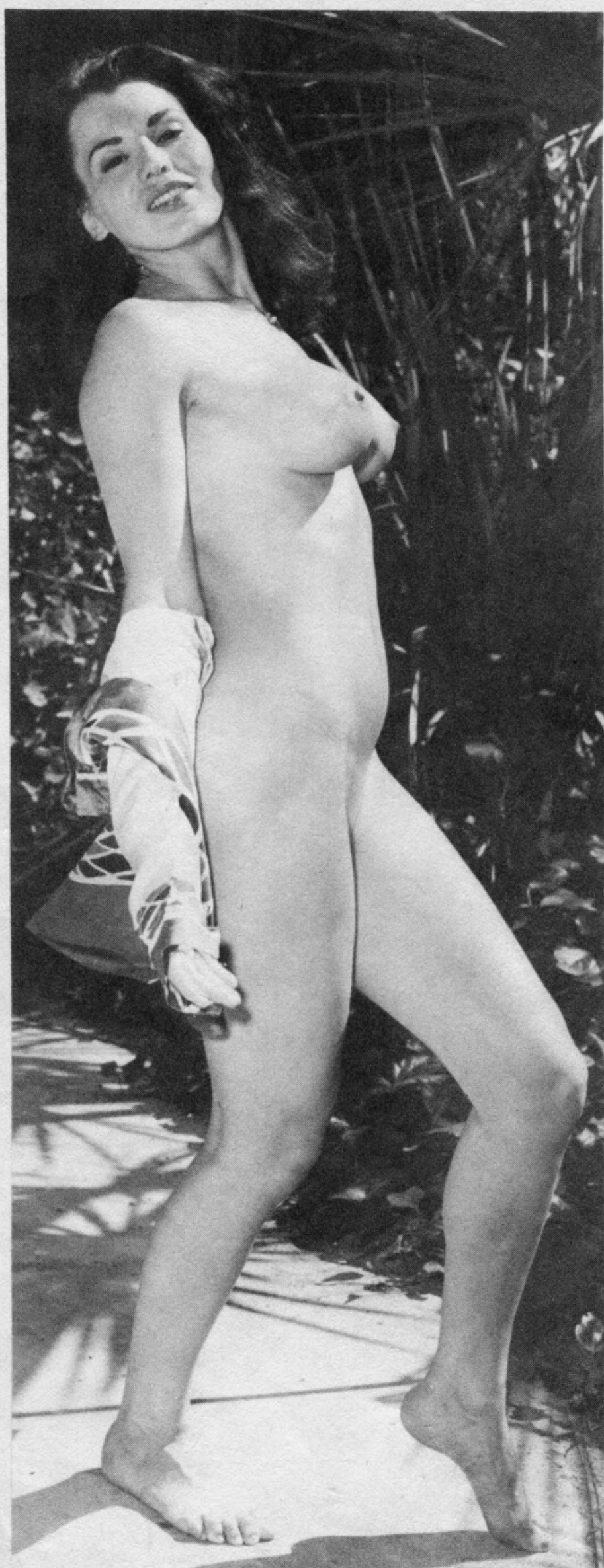
WATER SPRITE

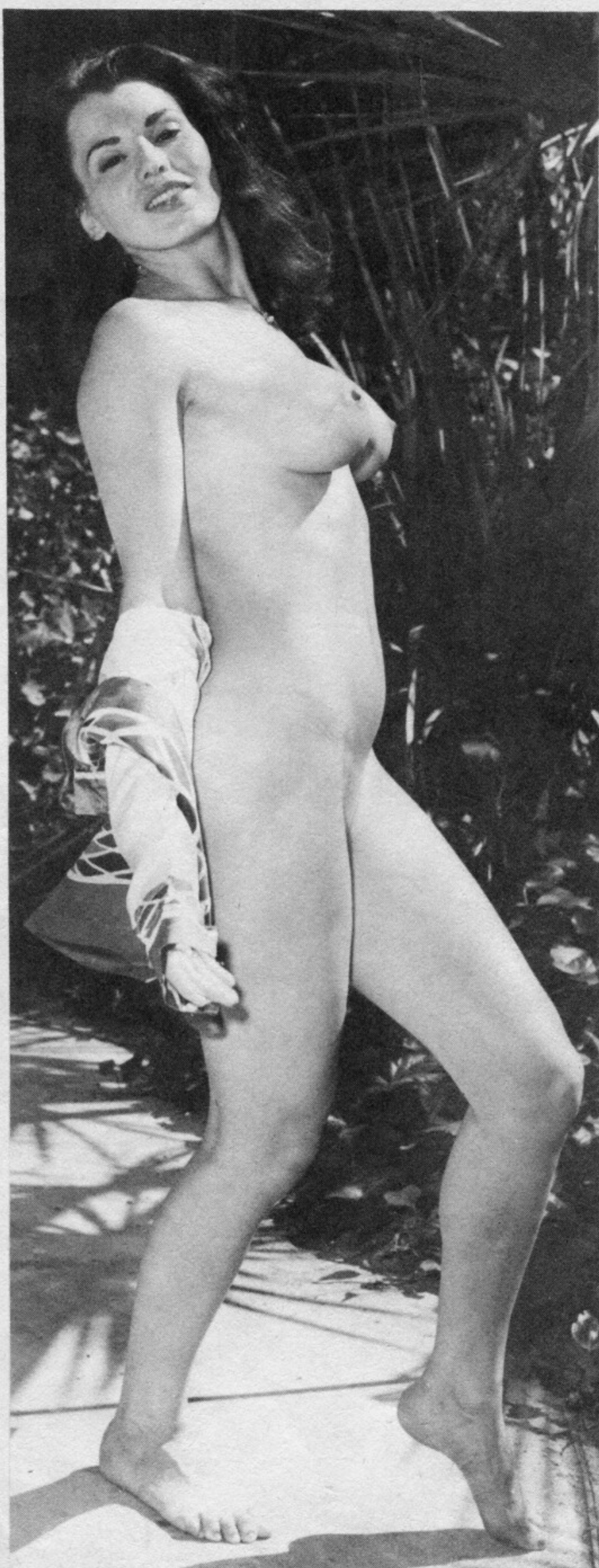


Kathy Gordon's happiest when she's at a pool, on a beach or riding a surf board. Our dark-haired delight is a product of Los Angeles.

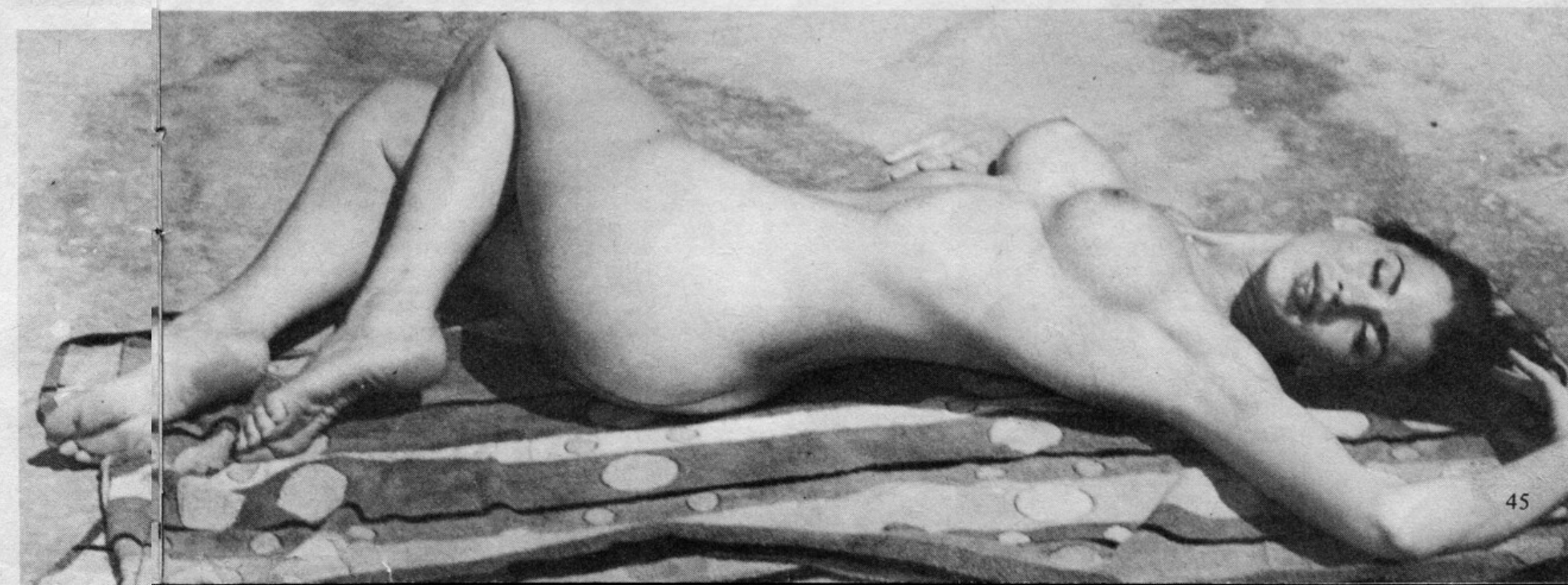


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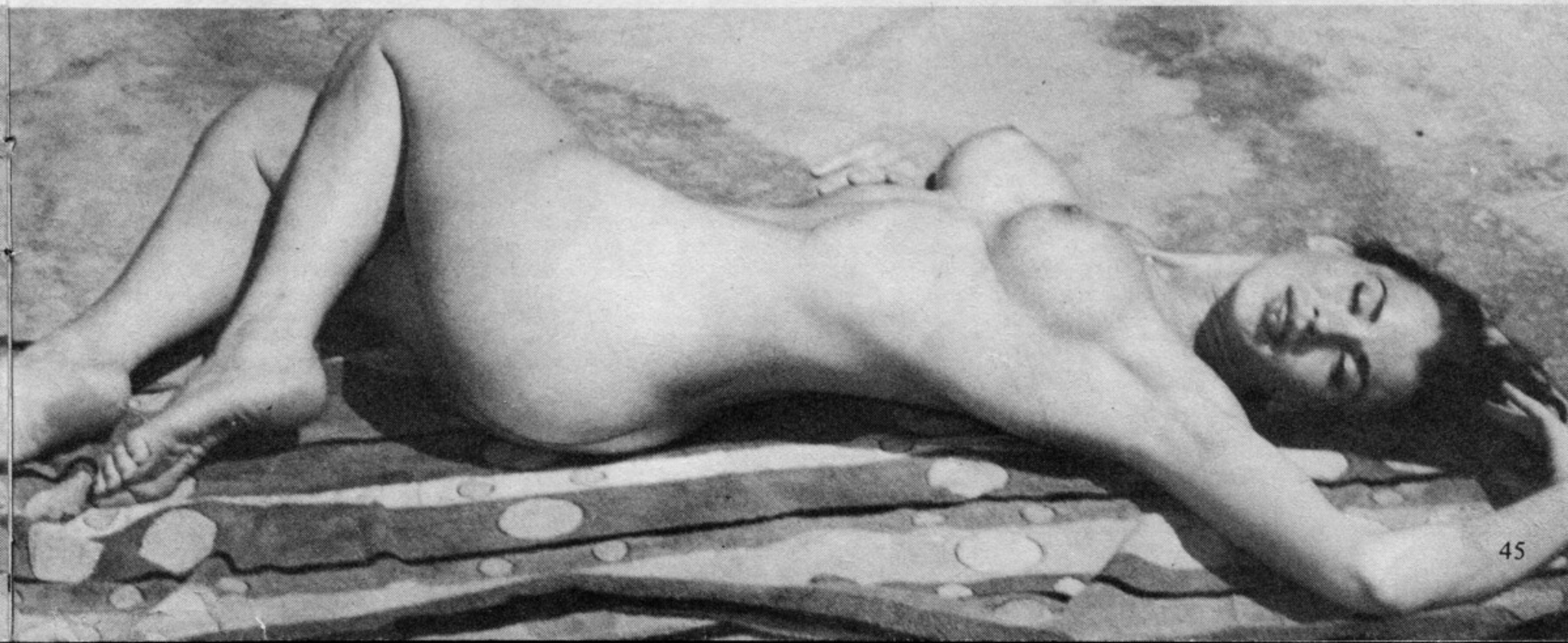


When she's not gliding through or over the water, Kathy can be seen on movie lots in Hollywood, where she plays a wide variety of roles.





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INCREDIBLE CHARGE

(Continued from page 21)

impending United Nations victory over North Korean forces collapsed with the renewed fighting supported by a million man army of reinforcements. Captain Reginald B. Desiderio was an old China hand who knew his enemy. Without waiting for orders he raced Easy Company to the top of a strategic hill overlooking the Eighth Army escape route. The breathless GIs dug in just in time to repulse an attack by 5,000 screaming Chinese who stormed the heights. Easy Company's machine-guns, grenades, rifle fire and mortars mowed down the Reds by the hundreds as they charged again and again. That night, beneath the cold light of occasional flares, GIs were sickened at the sight of bloodstained snow and bloody ice-blanketed slopes that turned slush scarlet and then dark muddy red.

Scrambling from foxhole to foxhole, Desiderio told his men to hang on. "Just until first light, until dawn," he shouted above the explosive battle sounds and the noise of enemy bugles and screaming Reds. From his experience in China during World War Two Desiderio knew that the Chinese Communist soldiers were great night fighters who usually shunned broad frontal daylight assaults. An hour after midnight a bullet punched into the CO's shoulder, slamming him to the ground. But he continued to make his rounds, later two more bullets spun him around, one in each thigh. He continued to crawl from position to position. Still later a mortar burst kicked him in the back with two fragments. An hour before dawn a bullet clipped his left knee. Spurning medical aid, the Easy Company CO kept crawling from one position

to another—still encouraging his men to hold out.

A final attack ended with the appearance of the first grey streak of dawn. Despite six wounds Desiderio rallied the 120 survivors of what started out as a 220-man rifle company. Just then a last mortar shell landed in the shell crater he used for a CP. Easy's exec officer, a young West Pointer, crawled over to the fatally wounded captain's limp figure. Easy Company's CO died in the arms of his exec. "Captain," the young lieutenant sobbed, "it's first light and we're still holding on."

"Dusty" Desiderio was posthumously granted the Medal of Honor for making possible the retreat of 150,000 UN troops. Easy Company's *esprit* had even rubbed off on the greenest replacements in the unit who heard the survivors of the Chongchon battle tell about that monumental terror-ridden night.

This was the background of Millett's new command which he knew would have its trials and tribulations. GIs were indifferent to their new CO and the situation in Korea didn't make for good morale. The last two weeks of 1950 and the first two weeks of 1951 were marked by one UN withdrawal after another. All Millett had to show his men was a knack for fighting rear guard actions—during retreat. The Wolfhounds were pulled off the line in mid-January for their first respite since the regiment landed in Korea with the 25th "Lightning" Division six months before. That's when Millett shook up Easy Company. They had been waiting for him to *show them*; now they were going to have to *show him*! He conceded to their faces that they were "damned good

fighters," but that they were now going to have to learn how to fight *his* way. Proud and defiant, Easy Company took up the challenge. To a man they were going to show this outsider.

Millett prided himself on his tough physical condition and every man in the company noted how he had easily scrambled across the mountainous Korean terrain during the retreats south. For his kind of fighting, he told them, they were going to become "part mountain goat." The rest off the line meant exhausting training for Easy Company. The "goddam CO" ran his men up and down steep hills carrying field equipment. It was just the beginning.

He talked about "close-in fighting" and made them grenade conscious by showing them how the phosphorous grenade was best for close combat against the enemy, "because it will burn the clothes off their backs and sear their butts." Ten days later he shook up Easy Company (and the rest of the Wolfhound regiment) with the announcement that from now on "we'll attack with bayonets!" Bayonets? GIs looked at each other and non-coms shrugged their shoulders. Easy Company buzzed with talk about the old man having blown his cork and gone ape. "Who ever heard of a bayonet attack today?" Pfc Cozares grunted. He was soon to carve a name for himself—with a bayonet.

But bayonets were hard to come by; there weren't that many in Easy Company to outfit one platoon. Millett had a devil of a time scrounging enough of the wicked six and three eighths inch long knives for the 135 men who now made up his company's morning report. Word quickly spread to the other companies in the 2nd Battalion right up to regiment. Millett's fellow company commanders called bayonet training "a waste of time." "Bayonets will never be used in this war," regimental staff officers predicted; and at the 25th Division CP nobody could recall a bayonet action in World War Two. As for the rest of the GIs in the Wolfhounds, they were glad they weren't in Easy Company.

Millett trained his men hard. After a week of day-in, day-out practice Easy Company had learned the four basic rudimentary bayonet movements—thrust, sharp thrust, jab, butt stroke. They went to sleep with the movements ringing in their ears, and they dreamed about rifles and bayonets. Although none of Millett's men had ever heard of the army field manual entitled "Bayonet," they had drummed into them the essentials of FM 23-25. The whiplash lean CO made them repeat time and again that a bayonet attack is used "to engage the enemy in close combat...in an onslaught tactic...in a mop up detail." Millett honestly believed that the sight of bayonets would put the fear of GIs into the enemy. But he knew that bayonets could only be used under conditions that would bring both sides close enough for hand-to-hand combat. The Korean "police action" in early 1951 was a war of movement and changing fortunes.

During the eight weeks since Millett had taken command of Easy Company the war had gone from bad to worse to better for the United Nations. The UN's Korean commander, Lieutenant General Walton Walker, was killed in an accident and replaced by General Matthew Ridgway. His new tactics soon had Mao's legions groggy and regimental and division size task forces like Operations "Wolfhound" and "Thunderbolt" slammed into overextended Communist positions and forced the Reds to pull in closer to their main battle lines miles to the north. Early in February 1951 the Eighth Army began to grind its way back toward Seoul 35 miles north. The Wolfhounds were at the point and the 2nd Bat-



"I'll have to stay late at the paper tonight, dear. I'm on top of something really hot!"

talion's Easy Company led the way. The mission was to liberate the battered Republic of Korea's capital city.

They moved out at dawn on February 7. Easy Company's First Platoon provided the skirmish line and fanned out behind in single file. The Second Platoon hung back about a mile for use as a reserve on either flank. The countryside around Suwon and Osan is flat with the exception of knobby hills of which the Reds had fortified the highest. It's also tank country and a company of medium M-4s moved along with the infantry to provide on-the-spot machinegun and artillery fire support. Just outside of the fire-blackened village of Soam-Ni three hills loomed between Easy Company and the flatlands beyond. About 0930 hours the crackle of small arms fire sounded from up ahead. The skirmishers had made contact with the Reds.

Enemy mortar and artillery fire began falling. Millett climbed aboard the nearest tank for a closer look through his glasses. He spotted movement atop the highest of the three knobby hills. Grabbing the 50 caliber machinegun from the startled gunner standing in the unbuttoned turret, Millett squeezed off a long burst. Tracer smoke fingered the enemy hilltop. "Keep it there," he told the gunner. "I want artillery on it, too." He dropped off the tank and ran toward the skirmishers. Smoke and dirt from exploding mortar shells marked the spot and Millett made a beeline dash to his men. He slid behind a rice paddy dike into the laps of Sergeant Floyd Cockrell and Pvt "Red" LeCollett. "How many up there?" he snapped to the platoon sergeant. "I dunno, sir," Cockrell replied, "But they've got at least six machineguns and one or two buffalo guns."

"What about yours?" Millett asked referring to the First Platoon's light 30 caliber machinegun. "Let's set it up."

"Knocked out, Captain," LeCollette answered for Cockrell. "A slug hit it and it's jammed." The machinegunner kicked at the weapon lying at his feet. With all the firing going on he seemed more disgusted than afraid. "What now, sir?" Cockrell asked. They both knew that the hill would have to be taken and that they'd need a machinegun to provide covering fire for an assault. Millett quickly sized it up. The enemy held an important OP. Unless this observation post was knocked out they'd soon be able to spot additional elements of the regiment, and tip off the Communist high command that a major UN advance was rolling their way. The hill had to be taken—and quickly.

Huddled at the base of the hill to catch their breath, Millett and his undersize First Platoon watched the charging GIs from the Third Platoon draw more enemy fire. In a matter of minutes eight weeks had unrolled to the present, and that very moment called for action. "Let's go! Charge!" Millett shouted and the screaming GIs rose as one with him and scrambled up the shell-pocked slope. The CO's "mountain goat" training began to pay off; they reached the crest before the enemy could bring machineguns and rifles to bear.

The noisy GIs lunged into foxholes bayonet first, smashing into the first unfortunate Communist soldiers who happened to be in the way. The horror-stricken shrieks of men dying from the painful wounds caused by cold steel pierced through the regular noise of battle. The blood-thirsty sounds from the skirmish platoon carried across the crest of the hill. Confusion reigned in the enemy's foxholes; they didn't know what to make of the noise and only a few of the Reds had actually seen the small group of Americans charge up the hill and slash their way at the top. Those who

saw them close up—died. And so did a small number of GIs.

Millett spotted "Red" LeCollett scoot ahead on the flank and race toward a V-shaped foxhole. The doughty machinegunner, all fired up, made the charge with nothing more than a government issue 45 caliber pistol. He disdained carrying an M-1. But he had learned one lesson well: how to use phosphorous grenades. He lobbed one now. As they raced away from him, LeCollett rapidly squeezed off shots and two of the fleeing Reds crumpled to the ground. He reached into his pocket and pulled out an explosive grenade, raised it to his mouth and grabbed the pin between his teeth, yanked the grenade away and then angrily hurled it at the men running away. It exploded and knocked them all down. He jerked the clip from his empty pistol, punched another into the handle and then fumbled in his pocket for another grenade. He ran toward a bunker and with a deft underhanded throw lobbed it into the entrance. "Yahoooooo!" he shouted and crouched waiting. Clothing smoking, two enemy soldiers dashed from the bunker screaming in pain. LeCollett fired his 45 and both went down. Three more came running out, one with a burp gun which he fired wildly. A burst killed the American machinegunner.

Just then the Third Platoon, all 42 less two who were wounded in the charge across the rice paddy, noisily reached the fortified ridges and fingers leading to the crest. The bayonets, dripping blood and gore, was too much for the enemy. Terror-stricken they fled from their positions. Some of them ran into bayonets; others just ran. Those who stayed to fight—died. Three who manned a huge 55 caliber anti tank rifle, called a "buffalo gun" by the GIs, swung the long-barreled Russian-made weapon toward the fast-moving Americans. One slug winged Millett in the leg, but he wasn't aware of the wound until the fighting was over. He spotted the bright red flash from the second shot and dove into an empty foxhole just as a slug chewed into the ground where he stood. He quickly scrambled out of the hole. "Get that buffalo gun!" He pointed toward the emplacement and ran forward as another shot boomed out. Before he could toss in a grenade a helmeted figure slid down from a slight rise and running jumped from a ledge above the foxhole.

"Yaaaaaaa!" Pfc Victor Cozares fell bayonet first into the buffalo gun position. An anguished cry wailed out. One Red had died horribly. Cozares tried to pull his rifle free but his bayonet was snagged in the enemy soldier's padded winter uniform. The other two Reds raised their rifles. Splattered with Communist blood, the wild-eyed GI squeezed off a shot into the body at his feet. The M-1 virtually jumped free. He faced the Reds in the crowded hole. One enemy soldier tried to bring his rifle to bear. Cozares pulled back with his left hand and pushed forward with his right Butt stroke! The butt of the M-1 slammed the Communist to the ground. Cozares stepped back lightly and then lunged forward. Jab! He pulled back on his heels and then rocked forward again. Long thrust! His bayonet tore into the third enemy soldier. Another quick thrust and he was down in a welter of blood. The second soldier who was knocked down by Cozares' butt stroke tried to get up. The GI brained him, spilling the top of his head on the damp dirt floor of the foxhole.

Lew Millett lobbed a grenade into one bunker and then rushed through the entrance firing his M-1. He chased three Reds out into the open and they quickly went down before his expertly wielded blade. He recalled later that he saw three frightened enemy faces and explained that they were probably terrorized

by the sight of a grimacing, wild-eyed and shouting American devil whose frightening appearance was accented by a huge reddish handlebar mustache.

Toward the end of the battle Millett roared like a Tarzan who had just killed a lion. He stood on the horizon and held his bloody rifle over his head. None of his soldiers needed any more urging. They were ready to follow their new CO to hell and beyond.

During bayonet training Easy Company had been taught a few simple Chinese phrases to fit the occasion. Along with the yells and war whoops, they had charged up the hill shouting, "I'll kill you! ... you're going to die!" But the enemy they had routed were North Koreans, 250 of them led by a major who was cut to ribbons by M/Sgt Brockmeier. Fifty seven enemy bodies were found atop the hill after the battle. Each one had died from bayonet wounds. Four machineguns, three anti-tank buffalo guns and 37 rifles were captured. When a nearby village was taken the next morning, villagers told intelligence officers that 61 enemy soldiers suffering from very bloody wounds had to be immediately treated before they could be evacuated.

Two days later the Wolfhounds moved up to Red Chinese positions just south of the outskirts of Seoul. Division ordered a frontal attack and the 2nd Battalion again spearheaded the drive. Easy Company was given a specific objective just as Dog and Fox Companies. The two other units slowly blasted their way to victory. But it cost quite a few American lives. Easy Company reached its objective without any trouble. Millett's GIs felt like they were ten feet tall when he ordered them to fix bayonets. They eagerly obeyed him. He led off with the First and Second Platoons while the Third Platoon followed behind. Holding his rifle high, he motioned his company forward. They trotted toward the ridge, rifles held at high port.

With a rapid up and down movement of his clenched left fist, Millett signalled double-time. "Hiiiiiiii!" The sandy haired captain's rebel yell was taken up by 127 riflemen, non-coms and officers. "Chaaaarrge!" Millett's battle cry was repeated by the noncoms and Easy Company dashed up the slope with only an occasional incoming round of enemy artillery or mortar fire. By the time Easy Company reached the Communist trenches, the "battle" was over. There wasn't a single American casualty. Nor was there a single Red soldier on the razorback ridge. The Communists had fled; they had bugged out at the sound and sight of a cold steel bayonet attack.

For the daylight attack on February 7, 1951, Millett was recommended for the Distinguished Service Cross, America's second highest combat decoration. Two days later it was switched to the Medal of Honor at the behest of military historian, General S. L. A. Marshall. But for the bayonet attack on February 9th, however, Millett was strongly reprimanded and ordered never to fight with cold steel again—unless specifically ordered to.

Is there a place for fighting with cold steel in modern wars that rely on massed firepower to stop an attack? Easy Company's classical charge proved two things: First, that fighting with cold steel turns a soldier into a vicious warrior who can only be stopped by death. Secondly, the sight and sound of a bayonet charge demoralizes an enemy to the point where he has no will to fight.

Major Lewis L. Millet proved his point—with cold steel. But in this, the nuclear age, he proved it *only* to the North Koreans who faced American bayonets—and died. The Red Chinese enemy, given a second opportunity to face up to cold steel, declined to fight—and fled.

END
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COMMAND POST



The new U.S. Air Force HH-53B (Si-korsky S-65) made its first flight recently, and was not only proven to be the largest helicopter scheduled for the U.S. Air Force, but the fastest. It will be used for long range rescue missions by the Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Service. It can be refueled in flight from



standard tanker airplanes so that flight endurance will be limited only by crew endurance, greatly enhancing its rescue capabilities. An earlier version of the S-65, the CH-53A, is in service with the U.S. Marine Corps in Vietnam as a heavy lift troop and cargo transport . . . The Viet Cong, operating in the 25th Infantry Division area use two pieces of bamboo, a cartridge, a rock and a nail to put a man out of action quickly and painfully. Driving a nail through the bottom of a piece of bamboo at the joint, they make a hole in the ground and drop in a rock. A smaller section of bamboo with a cartridge is slipped into the larger one with the nail, and the whole contraption goes into the hole, which is covered with dirt. When a GI steps on the bamboo stub, he drives the nail into the cartridge which in turn sends the bullet into his foot. How do GI's avoid them? They note unusually small stubs of bamboo which stick up 1 to 2½" above the ground in freshly cut bamboo areas. Also, they're weary of bamboo with horizontal cuts; bamboo is normally cut on a slant . . . "They train under realistic conditions for the real

show in combat!" This is what has proudly been written of army photographers for four wars. Within hours after almost any action today, pictures appear in the press and news-reels are shown on TV screens. This is accomplished thanks to the Audio-Visual Division of Fort Monmouth's Signal Center, New Jersey. In 1968, the division graduated almost 1,000 men. Combat cameramen learn the fine points not only of still and motion picture photography, but also laboratory techniques which often can turn a mediocre print into a prize-winning photo. Realism is continually emphasized, even in class room work. In advanced courses, students go out into the field with seasoned troops for a taste of what they'll be called upon to do later in actual combat. Results of the training are demonstrated in the dramatic photography that comes back from the fighting zones in Vietnam . . . It's dubbed "Operation Giant Slingshot," and its aim is to uncover hidden enemy arms. The area of patrol is around "Parrot's Beak," the arm of Cambodia that reaches into Vietnam toward Saigon. U.S. First Air Cavalry troopers sided by patrol boat sailors and SEALs (Navy Commandos) have had tremendous success finding cache after cache of camouflaged V.C. arms. The men search through heavy bushes along the river banks and inland sectors usually patrolled by enemy troops . . . The U.S. Coast Guard has come up with an answer to the problem caused by floating icebergs drifting into shipping lanes. The icebergs will be dyed red . . . The Pentagon's answer to the problem of future limited conflicts may be the "Flying Jeep." The 39-foot plane, known as "Counterinsurgency" (COIN) aircraft, can be loaded with bombs, napalm, rockets and four machine guns. As a carrier, it can hold six infantrymen or five paratroopers with full equipment, or 3,000 pounds of cargo.

JUNGLE OF LUST

(Continued from page 28)

young hostess, dragged her to a bedroom and raped her.

In nearly every case of party crashing the same pattern shows up. Forced entry, a quick consumption of food and drink, wholesale destruction of property, then rape or attempted rape. Watch them in Southern California or in Bangor, Maine. The pattern rarely varies. Coincidence—or design?

Among youngsters everywhere is a lust for blood. This exists on a nation-wide basis, in cities and suburbs alike. A boy alone on a park bench in Larchmont, New York is pounced on by a gang of young punks and is beaten nearly to death. No reason. The boy knew none of his assailants. Girls at beaches complain bitterly of being punched and cut by young strangers. A 66-year-old express clerk is the victim of a robbery-slaying which nets his three teenage attackers \$11. One of the killers remarks later, "He kept kicking and screaming while we tried to shut him up. We were laughing fit to die. I kicked him in the head to shut him up. Then we were all kicking him. So I stepped back and let him have eight shots. When he was dead, I said, 'Well, we did it again,' and we all laughed."

MALE teenagers don't hold a corner on their lust for blood. Girls,

READ



NOW ON SALE

too, are discovering sadistic delights in blood-letting. High school girls in Redlands, California carry razor blades in their beehive hairdos. Their slashing attacks on unwary men have terrified the whole town. A probe is currently under way.

In an eastern city a group of teenage girls attack a street-car conductor with umbrellas. His head is cut and bleeding. They spit in his face and kick him as he lies half unconscious at their feet. The characteristics here are the same as those that existed for the boy in Larchmont. No known reason for the beating.

The same can be said for the wolf packs in Boston, the motorcycle clubs in California and the more than 1,200 adolescent car clubs all over the country. With only slight variations, the patterns are the same.

Every Friday and Saturday night Boston's Marlborough and Beacon streets are invaded by hordes of teenagers who loot, attack women and assault men. Young motorcyclists in California and other western states drive up to an isolated tavern, wreck the place and abduct one or more women. After multiple rape is committed, the women are left on a road. Residents of Cleveland still shudder over their recent "ten days of terror" when hundreds of marauding youngsters held part of the city under siege. In the mid-west teenage members of car clubs are partial to sacking highway restaurants and service facilities. In New York City a young terrorist told a social worker, "I like the money, but I like to hear them beg more. Oh, do I like to clobber the small ones! They scream the loudest. Sometimes I feel like a vampire, swooping down and hitting people at night. I take their blood because I need it. But I haven't figured out what I need it for."

One authority—Joseph D. Lohman, Dean of the School of Criminology of the University of California—gives some sound reasons for our young's obsession for spilling blood: "American society at this time is in a condition of revolutionary stress and strain. We have a whole new pattern of subcultures developing in this country. One is youth against age. Another is based on race, color against color. A third stems from poverty, the poor against the comfortably well-fixed. These grow out of the population explosion, out of automation, out of the civil-rights battle. Each of these groups, feeling broken off from society and alienated, is developing its own ways, which are different from the ways of the whole of our society."

There are other lusts—lusts that not only alienate the young from society,

but destroy their minds and bodies as well. We see it, in their drinking habits. Not even the riotous Twenties (when it seemed that hip-flasks were carried by everyone over 12) can compare with today's binge. A recent report by the F.B.I. revealed that arrests for drunkenness among teenagers is greater in any given year than it is for robbery, all types of assault, prostitution, other sex offenses, narcotics violations and gambling combined in the same age group.

YOUNG drinkers are serious drinkers — "The blunt fact is that a good many of our youths today, who have great promise, will be alcoholics some time in the future unless we can give them some guide lines which will help prevent it," said New Jersey State Health Commissioner Dr. Roscoe P. Kandle.

They are starting sooner — "The age level of the youngsters has been declining so that the (drinking) problem is reaching down to the grade-school level," said a family agency in Tacoma, Washington. And the Yale Center of Alcoholic Studies points out that at some parties kids as young as 12 pass out from too much drinking.

They are ruining themselves, morally, mentally and physically — In Minnesota, 15 per cent of drinking drivers involved in fatal accidents are in their teens. The percentage in California is 16.1, and most other states run about the same.

Not long ago a teenage girl gave a party in her home in Westport, Connecticut while her parents were visiting elsewhere. The liquor cabinet was invaded. An hour later two teenagers were rushed to a hospital. The diagnosis was alcohol poisoning. Similar incidents are occurring in Waco, Texas, Birmingham, Alabama, Skokie, Illinois and Butte, Montana. Rare indeed are the hospital staffs who have not treated teenagers for alcohol poisoning in the past few years. It would seem that our young everywhere are beset by an overpowering lust to drink themselves into stupors.

But they don't have to drink and drive, or drink too much to destroy themselves. Clark W. Blackburn, director of the Family Service Association of America, reminds us that alcohol consumption among teenagers "is undoubtedly a factor in the alarming increase in venereal disease and the steady rise in the numbers of unwed mothers."

Is it a coincidence that 90 per cent of the 18-year-olds on Long Island are regular drinkers and that approximately the same percentage of 18-year-olds drink in Oregon?

Is it merely by chance that we have liquor cabinet invasions by teenagers in all sections of the country, that highway accidents involving young drunks occur in every state, that alcohol poisoned youngsters are being rushed to nearly every hospital in the country?

Hardly. The subculture's pattern here is as real and as definite as the patterns set by the marauding wolf packs and the destructive party crashers.

Another mind and body destroyer of the young is their unhealthy craving for narcotic and non-narcotic drugs. This lust to dull their senses with heroin, marijuana and goofballs is claiming 250 young lives every year in New York City alone. The number of fatalities among teenage dope users in Los Angeles is 200 per year. In Chicago the figure is 150 annually. Other large metropolitan areas report similar figures.

The suburbs also show a tragic kind of sameness no matter where they are. In Yonkers, New York more than 900 youngsters were arrested on narcotics charges. In the suburbs of Los Angeles 1,000 juveniles were arrested for the same offenses. The mid-west and the south report a dangerous trend toward drug using among their young. Such states as Illinois, Texas, Florida, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Missouri and Kentucky are particularly concerned.

Philip V. Fisher, Illinois Narcotic Control Division, spoke for most suburbs when he said, "The pot parties and the goofball (barbiturates) parties go on in the better suburbs of Chicago—Evanston, Oak Park, Skokie and the rest. They go on at colleges too; and in some high schools there are pockets of users—ten, twenty, thirty kids. Their mere presence spreads drug use in a suburb."

The urge to be "turned on" has found universal appeal. Methods vary, but the results are almost always the same. In Eugene, Oregon young thrill seekers inject chest rub into their veins. In Philadelphia there is a preference for smoking cigarettes with aspirin. Coeds in the western states get "high" by drinking gin and seconal. Girls in the mid-west sprinkle lumps of sugar with toilet waters of a high spirit content and eat them. "Pot" parties flourish in the suburbs of New Haven and Hartford, Connecticut.

NIGEL Morland, writing in an English publication *Criminology*, reports on another dangerous trend: "Nutmeg addiction is a growing danger among young people. The resulting sensations are remarkably

similar to hashish, and can confer at time the same frenzies or criminal irresponsibility which mark hashish addicts...Tragically enough the nutmeg habit is beginning to spread among teenagers in this and other countries, though, from all that is known, the various authorities seem little aware of this. Curiously enough, nutmeg poisoning often shows highly similar symptoms to those of hashish poisoning."

But whether it's nutmeg, marijuana, heroin, goofballs or chest rub there is a discernible and frightening trend taking place. The glue-sniffer in Nassau County, New York discovers the dubious thrill of drinking cough medicine laced with codeine. And while he's doing that a lad in Arkansas who sniffs ethyl alcohol finds out that he can derive added "kicks" by burning ping pong balls and plastic combs.

Taking the long view, you can easily see that teenagers all across the country are striving for the same end, to be "high," or "turned on," to be anywhere except facing the problems they are trying to dodge.

They are striving for something else as well. Call it promiscuity. Call it a lust to engage in the most shameful and degrading of sexual practices. Call it, too, a morbid desire to shock adults.

They accomplish it in the orgy-riots that usually takes place at a beach resort town. Ocean City, New Jersey was the scene of an orgy-riot that, according to eye-witnesses, transcended all boundaries of decency.

Thirty thousand teenagers staged an orgy-riot at Zuma Beach, California last year and captured headlines throughout the country. Girls were stripped of their bathing suits. Some took them off without prodding. Sexual intimacies took place on the beach and in other public areas. Few bothered to conceal their activities with blankets. Adults at Zuma said they'd never seen anything like it.

Disgusted residents on Cape Cod, Massachusetts reported seeing 140 teenagers engaged in drinking and sexual intercourse on the beach and in plain sight of passersby.

At Ocean City, Maryland 2,000 youngsters took over two resort hotels, climbed to the roofs stark naked and held an orgy that defied description.

Early this year more than 40 youths of both sexes were arrested for conducting an orgy in an Indianapolis hotel. When police arrived the teenagers had spread themselves over nine floors, lads in shorts were chasing girls in negligees and some on the upper floors were naked. Beer cans were hurled out of windows at

passersby. Hotel authorities reported that many of the naked girls and boys postured shamelessly at the windows. The arresting officer said, "We could have stayed there at least two or three more hours and arrested another 50."

There can be no doubt that there exists an uncanny alliance among our young. As if by design, the orgy-riots at Zuma are repeated at Fort Lauderdale, or at Cape Cod. The fifty or sixty young people who indulge in nude swimming at Westhampton Beach on Long Island find their counterparts in certain sections of the mid-west, where large mixed groups engage in slumber parties. The mass masturbation orgies of the north and central parts of the country are matched by the sex clubs and non-

virgin-clubs of the south and southwest.

The undercurrent of unrest and revolt is spreading. It is as if some invisible force was sweeping across the country, infecting the young with a lust to kill, to maim, to destroy themselves, to indulge in the most flagrant of sexual exercises. They will succeed in turning our streets, suburbs and parks into jungles of lust until every responsible adult realizes that what is happening in his own community is happening in nearly all communities. Unless he understands that he is dealing with a subculture that includes 22,500,000 teenagers, he will suddenly wake up one day and discover that he is living in a country without a future.

END

ANYTHING FOR A FIX

(Continued from page 40)

They did it to me because I didn't have any will. I went along because I wanted to be *in*. It was a tough world, baby. It was a world I never made and it would eat me up alive unless I belonged. I had looks. So what? Baby, this town's just crawling with lookers. You got to have more I could belt a tune. So what? You got to have something special. Merman has it. Streisand has it. Don't ask me what it is. I can't describe it, but you have to have it.

Still I hung around. I got bookings with the small relief combos. The resort operators don't pay much for this kind of unit. Being with one is like being a preliminary boxer. You make a few dollars. You live in hopes that something else will come along.

SOMETHING came along for me in Eddie. He was my Sweet Man. He handled the licorice stick like it was made for him alone. He could be as gentle as a lamb. You had to know Eddie to see that. Most of the people who met him had him tabbed as nasty. He could rip them apart with his tongue. He was kind of heavy on the little brown jug, too. Sometimes when he'd been polishing off a bottle in the back of the station wagon, he'd act as if he were spoiling for a fight. He wouldn't have fought, though. He wasn't the type.

I understood Eddie. I knew he had to protect himself against the cruelty of the world. He didn't know how to go about it. He never even wanted to make decisions for himself. Even the first time we slept together, it wasn't Eddie calling the shots. If I'd said no that would have been the end

of it. He made his advances because he knew I expected him to.

I'll never forget that night. We'd pulled into a small motel north of Harriman. The other members of the combo had taken off to find a bar. Eddie and I hung around his room watching the Johnny Carson show on television and thinking of how nice it would be to make a guest appearance. I was sitting on his bed with my shoes off. Eddie sat beside me. He began stroking my leg. It wasn't like anything I'd known before. He was so sweet, so nice. Things started happening to me, things I had never felt before with any guy. He didn't urge me. He didn't even suggest. I was the one who began taking my clothes off. I was the one who arranged the pillows and turned out the light. I was the one who pulled my lover to me.

From that second on, Eddie was my sweet man. I could say that it was all Eddie's fault. Sometimes I do. It makes me feel better for the moment. But deep down, I know it isn't the truth. Eddie never offered me his reefer. He did everything to try to talk me out of it.

He used to sit next to me on the bed. I was jaybird naked. I watched him as he lit the stick of marijuana. He'd get that faraway look in his eyes. He'd talk crazy talk, beautiful talk about where we were going and what we were going to do. He'd laugh like life was the funniest, gayest, swingiest thing ever. I wanted to share his feelings.

I nagged Eddie until he gave in. You have to understand that a junkie always gives in. He's short on fight.

At first I couldn't see the benefit of the reefers. I got so nauseous on my first one that I lost my supper. I had a sick headache from it. If only I'd called it quits then. But no, I had to keep coming back. It wasn't long until I was doing those crazy things and talking the crazy talk. I felt like I was flying on cloud nine. The whole world was moving around me in slow motion. I could do anything I wanted. There was no obstacle that I couldn't overcome.

The trouble with Marijuana is that your body soon gets to tolerate it. The kicks become less and less until they're a big fat nothing. Then you start looking around.

I knew Eddie was shooting himself. I begged him. I threatened to hold out on him. (Later I was to learn this was no threat to him. A junkie isn't interested in sex. If he puts out, it's only to try to maintain some last ounce of self respect by showing he's still a man).

Again Eddie wilted under my pleading and cajoling. At last he tightened his necktie around my arm until the vein stood out. The needle stung as it slid under my skin. My fate was sealed. I was on horse.

SIX months later they picked Eddie up on possession. They offered him his choice of Lex or a year at Rikers Island. Eddie tried the Federal Hospital, but he couldn't make the grade. They expected too much from him. They should have known that he couldn't make the decisions they asked of him.

When they sent him away, the bottom dropped out for me. Eddie and I had leaned on each other. We were as loyal to each other as any junkies can be. You have to realize though that no addict can put anything before his habit. There were times when there was only one packet between us. I didn't think about Eddie and his need. All that drove me was my own problem. I stole the packet from him while he slept.

He'd wake up in a rage and hit me. It didn't matter. It wasn't Eddie being mean. It was the horse driving him.

For his part, Eddie would set me up with dates. He'd make me hook even though I was so sick I couldn't stand up. I remember times when he held me against the wall under an ice cold shower until I thought sure my heart would give out. Then he'd dress me like I was a two year old baby and send me out to keep my appointment. The degradation of having strange men do things to me was hideous at first. But I even got used to that. Anything was all right as long as it brought in horse money.

We hocked everything we owned

just to feed the monkey on our backs. I hated Eddie. I cursed him. I stole from him. I'd have put a knife in his back if it would have helped me. Yet when they sent my sweet man away I was lost.

I began drifting. I tried to get bookings. But the agents took one look at me and they knew. The experienced eye can tell a junkie on sight. We're all the same. We're underweight. Our noses constantly run. We have foul breath. No matter how hot it is, we always wear long sleeved shirts or sweaters. We don't want the police to see the needle marks on our arms.

The agents weren't gentle. They looked at me and told me, "Hustle your behind out of here!" Some of the guys I'd known in the combos I'd worked with would stake me. But they weren't doing it out of friendship. They demanded the worst type of perversion in return. I no longer cared. I was no longer a woman.

I moved into a flea trap hotel in the West Forties. I hung around 47th Street and Broadway waiting for my contact. I got some of the sightseeing hawkers to pimp for me. They're always in contact with the out of towners who are looking for action. I worked with bartenders and bellhops in the shackup hotels and bars in the neighborhood. I'd lie naked and sweating on the bed in my smelly hotel room waiting for a call. I'd look out the filthy window at the stained brick wall and the wall seemed to reflect the way my life was going. There was nothing to look forward to, no way out.

One of the most horrible things about a junkie is that he no longer has the desire or energy to keep his body clean. My hair was unkempt and reeked after weeks without a shampoo. I itched constantly. I imagined millions of bugs were crawling over me. Sometimes I'd sit naked and cross-legged picking at lice which may or may not have been there.

Once I was picked up on a vagrancy rap while I was waiting to meet a contact at 71st and Broadway. They took me to the West 68th Street station house. The cops weren't mean to me. They treated me more out of a sense of bored detachment than anything else. They kept me in the lockup for several hours. One of them, a big Irishman even brought me a container of coffee. I realized they didn't despise me. They didn't act rough with me. I was just a bit of dirt they had swept off their beat. I was like a thousand others.

Since I hadn't made my score, they couldn't hit me with possession. The Women's House of Detention was so over-crowded that they had no stomach for taking me into court. They

let me go with a warning not to come back into the precinct. Both they and I knew I'd be back. Seventy first and Broadway is where the action is. It's a rallying point for junkies.

I SANK lower and lower. I was twenty four and I looked like a woman of 70. My skin was pale and yellow. My eyes were sunken. My breasts sagged. It got to the point that the bell hops and sight seeing guys wouldn't pimp for me any more. "I send John to you, he'll come back and raise hell with me. I got a rep to maintain," they said.

I even began soliciting on the streets. I don't even want to talk about the kind of men I went with. It was as if I had already died and gone to hell. No tortures the devil devises can match what I experienced at the hands of these creeps.

I met a lesbian and she staked me for awhile. But then I stole her radio and she threw me out.

I thought about tossing myself out a window. But junkies haven't even the guts to do that. I kept drifting and hoping that something would happen. I told myself and everybody who'd listen to me that I was going to kick the habit. When? Tomorrow. It was always tomorrow.

There you have it. You staked me. I told you all about me. I didn't hold anything back. I have no pride or modesty left. I'll talk to a man, I'll do anything with him just so long as he pays me for it.

Lately, I've been thinking about having myself committed. I might do it. I might just take the money you're giving me and take the first step. I want to straighten out. Honestly I do. I heard about a girl the other day who kicked it and stayed away when she came out. If she can do it, why can't I?

I don't want to be this way any more. I don't even get a kick when I score. I'm always afraid of getting an infection from a contaminated needle. Junkies are sitting ducks for hepatitis. Sooner or later we're all going to come up with jaundice. If it isn't that, I'll wind up with a disease from one of the men I pick up. What's the future? I don't want to wind up with a tag on my big toe and a trip to a Potters' Field on Staten Island.

I am going to kick it. I'm going to come back.

Do me a favor, please. It won't cost you anything, but it might save my life. Say you believe I can do it. Say you believe in me. Somebody's got to feel that way. Otherwise I'm through. Look in my eyes and say, "You can be a woman again. You can smell sweet and look pretty and be loved." Say it and make me believe that you really mean it. END

FANTASTIC MADAME

(Continued from page 38)

Perched precariously on the driver's seat of the ebony rig, Lorraine de Cotiers waved amiably to the crowd. She clutched the coachman to her bosom, rocking his head back and forth on the soft mounds of her perfect flesh.

"Every night the poor homme waits in the cold until I dismiss him. It is unfair that he know nothing of the world he serves," Lorraine called.

The Boulevardiers roared their approval of the democratic attitude of the Degrafee (the Unbuttoned). "Give him love!" they shouted. "But save some for us!"

Lorraine's laugh was low and throaty. It taunted her audience with promise and challenge. It was this provocative devil-may-care attitude, combined with high intelligence and breath-taking beauty which had made her one of the leading cocottes of La Belle Epoque.

Daring as the other Degrafees might have been, they would never have had the nerve to participate in the Hour Du Bois clad only in their chemise and wasp-waisted corsets.

But Lorraine could carry it off without fear or shame. Nothing delighted her more than to shock the populace to speechlessness. Fitting her carriage out with several beauties from the Folies Bergere and joining the daily parade of carriages down the most renowned avenue of Paris was only one of her madcap stunts.

Nightly she would repair to her special table at Maxim's decked out in jewels which had been presented to her by some of the most important crowned heads of Europe. There she would hold court like some exotic princess, demanding complete surrender of the host of rich and famous men who sought her favors.

Lorraine de Cotiers was a product of her times. She fitted into the Paris of the 1890's with the same grace and ease that she fitted into the silken lingerie which caressed her lovely flesh.

For La Belle Epoque was the ultimate in sexuality. Even the ministers of government, the men of letters, the pretenders to the various thrones bowed down before the grand cocottes. The glorified prostitutes built personal fortunes

which staggered the imagination. . . .

A woman such as Lorraine could claim as much as twenty-five gold louis for as little as a quarter hour's affection. And Lorraine was above all mercenary. She would dispense her favors for free to the coachman. But the Boulevardiers would pay through the nose just for the privilege of spending a night with her.

Lorraine, like so many of her sisters of sin, had been born to humble surroundings. Her father had been a Marseilles fisherman. Her mother died of alcoholism when Lorraine was a mere child. She had run away from her brutal father and entered into a marriage of convenience with a junior army officer. The marriage lasted less than six months, but it provided Lorraine with funds to travel to Paris.

There, in 1897, she took a position with a milliner. The work was dull and unrewarding. Lorraine longed for a career on the stage. Although she was an outstanding beauty, she could not sing, dance or recite.

Nevertheless, the young girl did find employment at the Folies where she stood on the stage in a rigid pose, allowing the audience to drink in the delights of her femininity which were covered by the tightest pink tights.

WHAT Lorraine might have lacked in theatrical talent, she made up in native intelligence and cunning. She watched the great of the demimondaine such as Liane de Pougy, Emilienne d'Alencon and the incomparable La Belle Otero. What these Degrafees had attained became Lorraine's goal. She aped their style, their elan, their *joy de vivre* and it wasn't long before the carriages of the pleasure seeking were waiting at the Folies' stage door to conduct their latest "find" to Maxim's.

It was nothing for a drunken Argentinian millionaire to come marching among the tables, hurling whole fistfuls of louis d'or at the painted and bejewelled women who occupied the tables. The men revelled in watching the cocottes stripped of their dignity, crawling under tables, scratching and clawing at each other for the loot. The chances are it appealed to some sadistic streak in the nature of most of the patrons.

On the night of April 27th, 1894, Lorraine realized her ambition. She was at her regular table at Maxim's, allowing a noted French writer to amuse himself by running his hands up and down her legs under the table when an Italian nobleman showed up on the scene.

The Italian had been doing very well on Cointreau. He insinuated himself between the twosome and joined the under-the-table fact finding. While her French protector was in no way interested in protecting Lorraine's morals, he saw no reason why the Italian stranger should get in on the act without sharing the costs.

AN argument ensued complete with face slapping and challenges. The next morning, Lorraine sat like a queen in her victoria, watching the preparations for the affair d'honor. Both men looked like the wrath of the gods. Each sported the grand daddy of all hangovers. The dawn's early light blinded them. Each swallowed hard to keep the regurgitating wine and whiskey from mixing with the dew on the ground.

The men marched away from each other, rapiers clasped in shaking hands. Suddenly they wheeled and lunged. Whether by design or just sheer clumsiness, they missed contact by a good five feet and went staggering into the trees.

When the action had been repeated five times with no better results, the judges called the duel a draw. The Frenchman and the Italian fell into each other's arms, laughing and sobbing their relief. Then the threesome drove to an inn in Lorraine's carriage, began swilling down champagne again and worked out a perfect entente.

The Italian, being a foreigner, agreed to take a short nap while the Frenchman took his ease in Lorraine's huge featherbed. Then the Frenchman would repair to his cafe for some scintillating man-talk while the Italian replaced him with Lorraine. It was all very civilized and friendly.

But duels were not enough. Any cocotte worth her salt must have one tragic love affair which led to a suicide attempt. The action would arouse the tongue clucking sympathy of her admirers and untie their purse strings to an amazing extent.

Lorraine could not conjure up such an affair, so she faked one. Capitalizing on the gathering of all of Europe's notables at the gambling tables of Monte Carlo, Lorraine appeared on the scene replete with maid, new wardrobe and a newly acquired tragic air.

She moved among her clients

with a bitter-sweet mysterious smile. When she felt she had prepared the ground work sufficiently, she repaired to her suite, took a mild dose of barbiturates.

Lorraine left nothing to chance. With the pills already swallowed, she called the concierge and informed the man of what she had done.

As she had expected, within seconds, the inn keeper, a doctor and a police official rushed wildly into her room. Dressed in a gauze thin nightgown, Lorraine lay on top of the coverlet, her hands folded over her milk white breasts. Her eyes were tightly closed and her whole appearance was funereal.

The doctor bent over her, forcing her eyelids open. Although he was well aware that the girl had not intended suicide, had indeed not taken enough of a dosage to render her unconscious, he played along. After all, a doctor is human too and he had his own ideas of what would be a fitting payment for his strange services.

He even went along with the gag when Lorraine began to stir out of her faked swoon and hysterically reached past him to pick up the slip of note paper she had left on the table by the head of her bed.

Sobbing hysterically, she placed the paper in her mouth, chewed quickly and somehow managed to swallow it down. The concierge watched the proceedings in quivering solicitude. Even years later, when he sat with the doctor over an aperitif, the physician could not convince him that the note paper had indeed been blank.

The "suicide" attempt had its desired effect. It was roundly reported in *L'Echo de Paris* which built its circulation on its complete and graphic accounts of the activities of the "Unbuttoned."

Lorraine's admirers heaped jewels and money at her feet in proportions which they never had before. They tried to outbid each other in their frantic efforts to bring joy back into her life. Lorraine's personal fortune became fantastic.

But now she began to fear what all women of her profession dread most—advancing age. She found that she had to use heavier amounts of rouge to paint her cheeks. She had to lace her corsets that much tighter to keep the hour glass the way it should be. Little crow's feet

began to appear at the corners of her eyes. Time was definitely closing in.

While she was losing some of the bloom of her beauty, she was attaining something else. Gone were all traces of her peasant background. When Lorraine strode into a room, she did it in the grand manner. Her knowledge of finance and politics and literature became fabulous. She could hold the intellectuals of Paris spellbound with her brilliant conversations.

STILL she knew that she could never hope to obtain a salon for herself. She had flaunted the rules of society to such a point that it would never accept her acting as a hostess in her own mansion. This is where the real society women of Paris finally rebuffed her.

Lorraine began traveling the world. She dined in New York with the railroad tycoons and the steel magnates. She moved through South America rubbing shoulders with the most affluent. She was introduced to the Russian Czar. Local jewelers paid for her travels just to have her sport their gems.

Then on New Year's Eve, 1899, Lorraine returned to Maxim's. At exactly the stroke of midnight, she mounted her table, surveyed the assembled guests and raised a golden goblet of champagne to her lips.

"To the death of an era," she whispered huskily.

After that Lorraine de Cotiers dropped out of sight. There were many who believed she gave her fortune to charity and entered a nunnery. Several of her colleagues of the night had done the same thing.

Then in 1945, advancing units of the British First Army tore away the barbed wire which surrounded the Ravensbruck Concentration Camp, The Women's Hell.

As they carried an aged and wrinkled woman out on a stretcher, she managed to smile at her liberators. From the bosom of her prison uniform she extracted a leather bound volume and handed it to a Tommy. Although she knew she was dying, the woman managed a coquettish smile such as the Tommy had never seen.

The book, written in a neat hand, contained the full history of her exploits during the decade of her glory, and no other entry. **END**

VICE AND VIOLENCE

(Continued from page 15)

stairs and headed for the back of the house. Trin van Tri stirred, but didn't get up. I led the way through a maze of corridors and found what I thought was a rear door. I opened it. Night air rushed in. I stepped out, gun raised. This time there was a thumping sound, but not from my weapon. A stab of pain at my wrist paralyzed my grip. The slug chewed into the wall and the gun fell. Three slopies rushed us. It was all over.

We were shoved into the large luxurious room where Trin van Tri lay. She sat up now and pulled her silk robe over her nakedness. One of the men raced to the blonde's room and came out of it yelling. "Madame Trin, they are dead—Mat-ran and Oanh."

"He must be killed, Madame Trin."

"Silence!" She stood up and drew the robe in front of her. "He is useful to me."

I sneered at her. "As a stud?"

MY WORDS were like a slap in the face. Trin van Tri went into a rage. "Hold him!" she screamed. My legs and arms were gripped tightly. The blonde was pushed to the floor. The vise-like grip on my right arm forced more blood to flow out of the flesh wound on my wrist. But it was nothing compared to what was in store for me.

Trin van Tri rushed me. Her sharp nails raked my cheeks. They dug into my neck and then ripped away my shirt. They gouged trenches of flesh from my chest and stomach. She clawed me like a wild-cat. Her silk robe fell away and dropped to the floor. Her nails tore at the flesh on my shoulders. I struggled, but it was useless. My body was on fire with pain. Blood flowed from dozens of deep scratches. The blonde girl screamed without let-up and I was afraid the events of the last few minutes, plus this torment, would snap her mind.

Finally, the Vietnamese backed away to admire her work. She nodded to someone and a bucket of

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water was thrown at me. The loss of blood had drained my strength. I found it difficult to stand.

The woman was close. She grabbed my face between her fingers. "No quick bullet for you, Kane. I'll work on you until you come crawling to me." She turned away. "Take them upstairs and put them in separate rooms. I want two men in the hall at all times."

She slipped into her robe and sprawled on the chaise lounge, still fuming.

The two beatings and Trin van Tri's job on me resulted in my passing out. I didn't wake up until I was in a dark room somewhere on the second floor. The window was open, but the ground was at least thirty feet below me. I couldn't make it without breaking a leg. The door was locked from the outside. Like most Vietnamese mansions, however, all the money and work was spent on the lower floors, with the upstairs rooms thrown together as cheaply as possible.

The walls here were thin plasterboards. I kicked one of them and the sound was answered with a soft knock on the other side. The blonde was in the next room. I used my belt buckle to cut a square hole in the plasterboard near the floor. She pushed the cut-out portion toward me. I worked it loose and put it to one side. I crawled half way through.

She sat beside me. Her eyes were red and puffed from crying.

"Are you all right?"

She shrugged, "I've given up hope."

"Why?"

"Why? Are you stupid? That woman is crazy. She intends to kill us." Her voice rose and cracked and I told her to keep quiet or she'd draw the guards in.

"They'll be in anyway."

"What for?"

She turned her face away and shuddered. "For me. . . ."

She needed time to control her tears. I gave it to her. She told me her name was Claudine Mordan and that she was being held as escape insurance for Trin van Tri. We talked for an hour or more, and in that time she ripped a strip of cloth from her skirt and tied it around the wound on my wrist. We could hear the guards pacing outside.

Claudine provided a lot more information. I soaked it up, but didn't think it would ever get beyond this room. The smuggling operation was more extensive than I'd imagined. Tons of materiel marked for U. S. troops was being routed north. She

didn't know where. I knew — C.O.S.V.N. headquarters, for distribution to Vietcong guerrillas.

Claudine also said that an important entertainer from the States, due in Saigon for a Christmas show, would be killed when a bomb exploded in his hotel. The act was designed to demoralize the Americans.

THE pacing outside stopped. Claudine drew her breath in sharply. A key turned in the lock. She pushed me. "Go . . . please. . . ."

I hesitated. Claudine cupped my face in her hands. "I've resigned myself to it. There's nothing anyone can do. . . ."

I slipped through the hole and replaced the plasterboard. The guards came in. I looked through the crack. They were the same two who nearly twisted my arms off earlier. I could see their eyes glinting with lust as they moved in.

Claudine stood up. She backed away from them, clutching at her throat, her lips inaudibly mouthing the word, "No. . . ."

Hell, she was no more resigned to rape than I was to watching it.

Hairy arms reached out for her. She gasped. She was caught between them and held firmly. Their rough hands went over her body, tugging at her blouse and skirt. She squirmed, her face mirroring the horror and revulsion she felt. Stubby fingers curled into her bra and jerked it away. Claudine threw her head back. Tears glistened. She choked on convulsive sobs as the slopies tore at her clothes.

My fists balled into tight knots of bone and muscle. I felt my stomach churning with rage. How often had this happened since she had been taken as hostage? I didn't know. Maybe even Claudine didn't know. How many more times could she take it before she was driven out of her mind?

She was naked now and still between the guards. I saw her legs flail the air. She tried hard to fight them off. Her fists pounded their faces and chests. She drove her knee up into a groin, but the blow lacked force. One of her attackers growled at her resistance. He whirled her away from the other, then shoved her with all of his strength. She sailed across the room and slammed against a wall with a sickening thud. I saw her go limp. She fell to her knees. The guard who'd shoved her now placed his foot on her side and pushed her over on her back.

Both of them stood over the semi-conscious girl, sneering at her.

One pulled her arms over her head and put his knees on her wrists. He nodded to the other.

For some reason everything that had happened to Claudine and me was symbolized in what was happening right now. I couldn't crouch here and watch it. I had to do something. Claudine Mordan was a stranger and meant nothing to me, but I'd have acted no matter who the girl was.

Neither of the guards heard me coming. I directed a savage kick at the temple of the slopie ravishing Claudine. He sagged to the floor. The other bounced up to meet me, but I'd already started a lunge that knocked him off balance. While he stumbled sideways, I wrapped an arm around his neck and spun him. We were near a window. I tightened my hold on him and with one final spin, propelled him through it. Glass shattered. I saw his body disappear and I heard him scream.

"Watch out!"

CLAUDINE'S warning came in time. I whirled and faced the first slopie, who came at me with a knife. I stopped his downward thrust with the side of my arm. I circled his knife arm with my own and bent it until he howled in pain and opened his fingers. The knife fell to the floor. I almost had the hilt in my hand when the door flung open.

Trin van Tri stood at the threshold. Her servants slipped in and formed a circle around me. They were tight-lipped, their eyes filled with more hate than I'd ever seen. One snapped, "He has killed three, Madame Trin. Do I have your order to shoot him?"

The period of silence was long. Itchy trigger fingers waited for the order. I met Trin van Tri's steady gaze. I detected something in her eyes. I had seen it when she had been reminded that I'd killed three of her men. I couldn't define it. Admiration? Challenge? Or maybe it was passion for a man who didn't bow and scrape like these jokers here.

"My order hasn't changed."

The guns pointed at me dropped reluctantly. The circle opened. Trin van Tri saw the hole I'd cut in the plasterboard and sneered at it. She looked at Claudine, then at me. "You are friends?"

"We have a common bond."

She waved the others out of the room and kept her gun at waist level. The door closed. She moved in close. Her fingers rested lightly on my shoulder. She drew them

across my chest. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Claudine pulling her scattered clothes together. Trin van Tri let her robe open so that I could see her nakedness. "I need someone like you. A sort of second in command."

"Not a chance."

The rejection had no telling effect. "Americans do defect, you know."

"Damned few."

She ignored that, too. "I need a fighter who uses his head. You'd have more piastres than you can spend and an honored place in the National Liberation Front."

"What else?"

Her hand became rigid on my shoulder. She breathed, "I don't have to tell you."

I looked down at her body. "Got any better offers?"

Her palm swept across my cheek. I started for her, but was stopped by the gun that now pushed into my stomach. Trin van Tri's rage dissipated quickly. "Think about it, brave man. The right answer could keep your comrade alive as well." She backed up to the door. "Talk it over with her." She stepped into the hall. Before the door closed and locked again, I saw three slopies outside with rifles and I heard her tell them to stand guard.

I want to the window. Below, two men were hauling away the body of the slopie I'd pushed out. Dark shadows of men were everywhere in the field behind the house, and beyond the field lay the river, sparkling under the moon's glare.

Claudine stood at my side. "I heard what she said."

"The idea's ridiculous."

"Then you won't consider her offer?"

"Of course not."

She sighed, "I'm glad."

"Don't be. The alternative isn't pretty, either."

"I don't have one. I'll be killed as soon as my usefulness is over—whether you defect or not." She leaned against the wall. "I never thought the war could touch me. I had my job, my little apartment on the Tu Do." She told me she was an interpreter at the American Embassy and spoke French and Vietnamese. "You know, I was happy and didn't realize it." She talked probably because her nerves were shattered and because she'd had no one to communicate with in three weeks. I listened for a while, but my mind wandered to escape methods. The more I thought about the subject, however, the more frustrated I became. Claudine had

stopped talking, but it was a few minutes before I was aware of it.

She'd slid to the floor and was sobbing quietly. I sat down beside her, feeling a bit uncomfortable and trying, awkwardly no doubt, to soothe her. She dropped her head on my shoulder and fell asleep. I watched the room brighten as dawn came. I heard voices outside. I eased Claudine off me and looked out the window. Two young women carrying oversized shoulder bags were walking toward the river. They stepped onto a long wooden pier and climbed into a rowbot. An oarsman rowed them upriver, or deeper into the city.

Later, I told Claudine what I'd seen. She nodded, saying that Trian van Tri had scheduled the hotel bombing for today and that the women had probably carried the dynamite in their bags. We watched the oarsman return to the pier without the women. Later that day we heard sirens wail and saw black smoke rising from the center of Saigon. I wondered if the United States could scratch one important entertainer.

At dusk a white-uniformed servant came in with some boiled rice and water. He asked me if I had anything I wanted to tell his madame. I said no and saw a flicker of a satisfied smile cross his face.

It was dark when Claudine suffered another wave of depression. I let her cry it out on my shoulder. "Eddie . . . I can't take much more. I'll go out of my mind if they . . . come for me again. . ."

"Hang on. We're not counted out yet."

She lifted her head. I kissed her.

She pulled my face to hers and this time the kiss was deeper. I urged her closer to me. Her fingers went into my hair. Her body pressed against mine. "Eddie . . . hold me. . ." She trembled. "Don't let them touch me again." Our lips came together again. I eased her to the floor. We gave ourselves to the passion that enveloped us, our bodies throbbing and proving that what we did didn't have to be the savage thing that Trin van Tri's men had made it. Claudine was naked beside me now because she wanted to be, because this could very well be the one and only time in her life that she'd know what it was to share the tenderest of moments between a man and woman. . .

MINUTES later, I strode to the door and banged on it. "Tell your leader I want to see her, right now!"

Claudine hurried to me. "What are you going to do?"

I pulled my arm away from her grasp. "What the hell do you think I'm going to do?"

"Eddie—"

"Shut up! I don't have any right to play God over your life."

Trin van Tri entered. She closed the door behind her. "You've talked it over?"

"Yes. I've got some terms."

Claudine gasped, "Eddie, no—!"

I saw Trin van Tri's eyes dance. "What are they?"

"That your jokers keep their stinking hands off her and that you provide safe conduct when you're finished with her."

"I'll consider it."

"No good. I want better than that."

Her eyes narrowed. "How do I know you're sincere?"

I walked over to her and slipped my hand under her robe. "Show me where you sleep and I'll prove it."

There was a sharp intake of breath. Her body seemed to grow hot at my touch.

Behind me, Claudine sobbed: "Don't Eddie!"

"You're a fool," I growled over my shoulder. "I'm bargaining for your life."

Trin van Tri had her gun leveled at my chest. "If this is a trick—"

"No tricks."

I couldn't convince her. She brought two of the guards with us and left one with Claudine. The men stood outside her bedroom. The gun stayed in her hand when she let the robe fall to the floor. She turned to me and stood for a moment in the soft light. "Come here."

I moved over to her and put my arms around her waist. I felt the cold muzzle of the gun at my throat. "You need a lot of convincing."

"You will be tested constantly."

"I won't like it."

"No more talk." She sought my lips. Her body undulated against mine. "Don't make me wait."

I kissed her hard, but with my eyes open and taking in everything in the room. She urged me toward the bed. I held back in an effort to delay the moment. She pulled away from my lips. There was a decided edge to her voice when she said, "Don't tease me."

"I'm not, but why rush it?"

She flared up. The gunshot slashed my cheek. Blood rolled to my chin. I glared at her. "This part of my indoctrination?"

"Call it what you like. I'm used to having my orders obeyed."

"YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!"



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"You'd better get yourself another boy."

"Wait. . ." She went to the bed and stretched out on it. "I'll be trusting."

Beside her, with the gun in my ribs, I tried to edge closer. I touched the weapon. "I can't concentrate with that thing sticking me."

She put it on the night table with a reminder to me that there were two guards outside the door. In fact, she was still talking when I grabbed a pillow and shoved it over her face.

She kicked and thrashed wildly. Muffled sounds came up. Her naked arm stretched for the gun. I leaned all my weight on the pillow and kept it there until her body went limp. I lifted it then and saw that she was still breathing. I used the pillow slip as a gag. With venetian blind cords I tied her spread-eagle to the bed. I was ready to take on the guards.

I opened the door, pointed to one of them and motioned him in. As soon as he was inside I pistol-whipped him and caught his body before it fell. I put him down quietly, then opened the door again. The other one came in and got the same treatment.

The next problem was Claudine's guard. He leaned against her door. I didn't know how I could put him to sleep with out arousing the whole house. There was only one possibility: Bluff him.

I stashed the gun and strode toward him as though I belonged.

My actions put him at ease. He lowered the rifle, but had his eyes glued to me. Claudine appeared. His eyes shifted to her. At that instant I swung one from the floor. His head whiplashed. He sagged. I grabbed him and eased him down.

Claudine's face brightened. "Eddie, I thought you'd defected."

"Don't believe everything you see and hear. Come on, this time we'll make it."

My optimism was short-lived. We made it to a rear window, but had to stop because two slopies were outside. The field beyond them was clear. The rowboat was still tied to the pier. But between us and that boat lay two guards and 200 yards of open space. It was a hell of a long dash. I made my decision quickly. I shot both of them.

We climbed out the window and started our run. I heard shouts coming from the house. A rifle cracked. "Jump!"

She leapt into my arms just as the gunner let go with a long spray-

ing burst. The slugs had come dangerously close. I untied the boat, but it was too late to row toward the middle of the river. We'd be sitting ducks. The only thing I could do was to shove the boat under the pier and wait.

We heard him walking above us. I followed the sounds of his footsteps. I raised my arms. He flattened himself and lowered the gun over the side. I grabbed it fast and yanked hard. I had it. I flipped it over and sent a burst up through the wood. He screamed. Drops of blood came down through the cracks.

The next one to hit the pier took a short burst and collapsed. Claudine took the oars and rowed us away from the shore. Three more had joined the chase. I raised the tommy gun and sprayed them. I spotted another two getting ready to throw lead. I beat them to it and managed to keep them pinned down until Claudine had rowed us out of range.

An hour later a raiding party from G-2 collected Trin van Tri and her Commie comrades. Claudine was escorted to her apartment and I was taken to a hospital to have my wounds treated. By the time I was released, Claudine had packed up and had gone home . . . for good.

END

SEX ISLAND

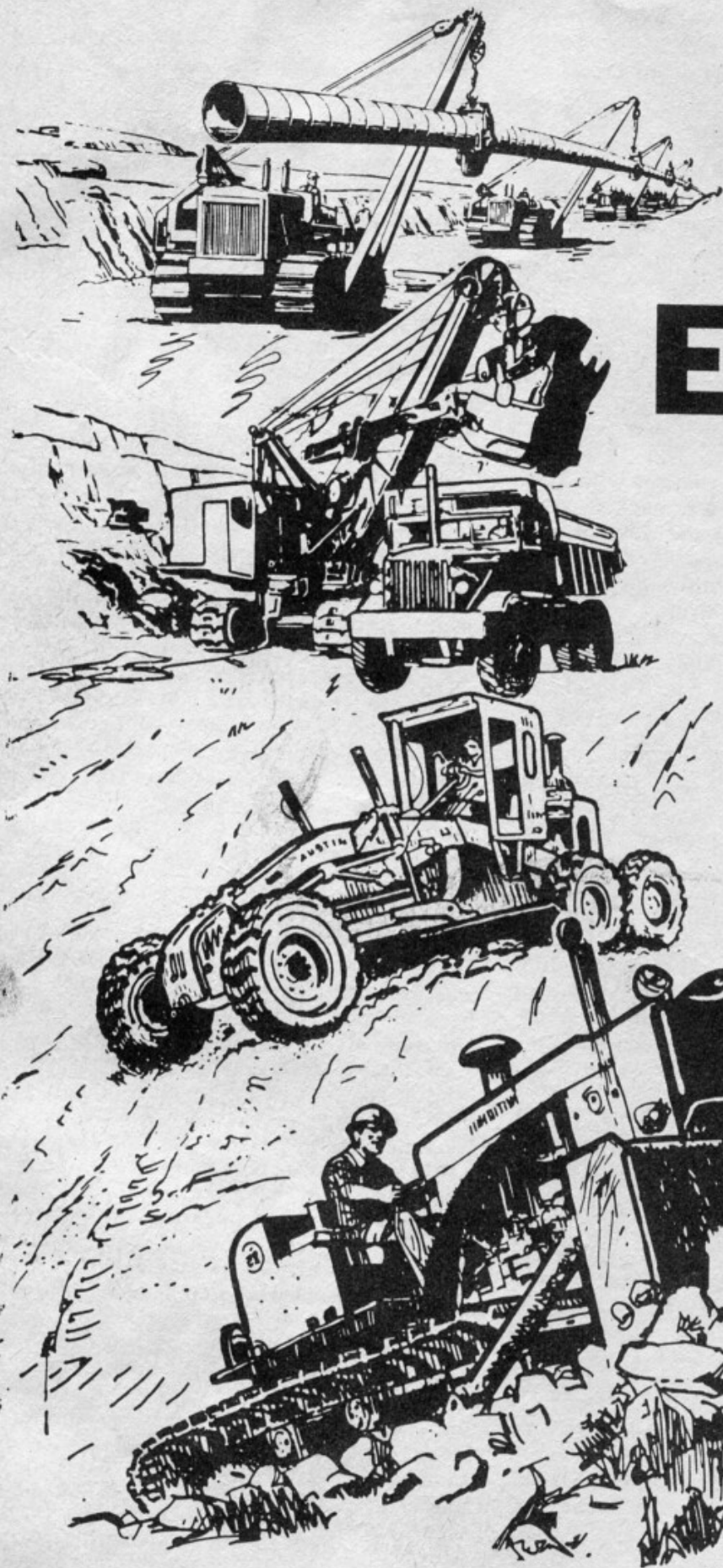
(Continued from page 37)

"Just like Adam and Eve," Toni laughed. She stepped into my arms. Her hands touched my shoulders. The fingers were strong and demanding. "I don't think you're the blushing type at that," Toni said.

She pressed her hips hard against mine. She shifted her weight from one foot to another in a grinding motion which played hob with my mounting blood pressure.

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"Now I'll show you why they call this Paradise Bay," Toni whispered. "Don't let me down now, baby, and this will be a hell of a vacation for the two of us."

One sleeping bag for two can be very tight quarters. But if the girl is like Toni, you're not likely to suffer from claustrophobia. Pressed in so close to her pulsating body that I could hardly breathe. I found it easy to agree that this was going to be one hell of a vacation.

"Love me, baby?" Toni breathed.

I stroked her naked thigh. She rubbed herself against me. "You bet your sweet life," I answered. "By the way, what's your last name?"

"We don't know each other well enough to use last names," she laughed. Her fingers ran up and down my spine. The sharp nails left a trail which felt like molten lava.

The funny thing was Toni wasn't wrong. If I'd had a mind to log time, I would have known that my association with this little blonde bombshell went back exactly 82 minutes. It traveled all the way back to the marina at Bolton Landing where I'd come to get a temperamental starter on my Johnson Outboard looked over.

I'd spotted Toni at the cold drink machine off to the left of the boat house. She'd smiled. I'd grinned. She'd fished for coins. I'd treated. We'd talked. The mechanic in charge of the marina had told me that there was at least three hours work needed on the outboard. I cursed the jerks who'd loused up a damned fine engine.

One thing had led to another. Toni had gone a good distance out of her way to take my mind off my troubles. We'd paddled her canoe across the lake. Now she was going all the way and she wasn't thinking of my needs alone. I had to admit Toni was quite a gal. Paradise Bay was quite a spot. And this was quite a vacation. Like a barometer that heralds fine weather ahead, my spirits were rising steadily.

Where the Route 9 crowd had been tired and tacky, the people at the Montcalm had that well-fed look. The women were handsome and sleek. The men were used to dealing in credit cards. There were enough combinations around to indicate that not everybody brought his own wife to the Adirondacks. Things were indeed more interesting than they had appeared.

However my first interest was fishing. The next morning I plunked down \$5.50 for a non-resident license. The lake is well stocked with both trout and wardnes who are very sensitive about poachers.

Things continued to look up as I headed north into Bolton Landing. The feeling of vast mobs of people blotting out all nature fast dissipates when you get away from the cluster of rundown motels, cheap bars and used car lots which cluster around Lake George Village. Strange as it may seem, a feeling almost like the loneliness you experience in the Western Rockies comes over you. You know there are children's camps, resort hotel and large motel complexes dotting the western shore of the lake, but the covering foliage is so dense that much of the construction boom is hidden away from you.

However for the real nature lover, the ruggedness of the country is represented by the Eastern Shore. No road has been cut through the underbrush as yet. The only access to the shore and the many islands which break their heads through the deep blue water is by boat.

I rented all the camping equipment I needed and set up housekeeping on a small island

north of Paradise Bay. It was a rather strange experience. One moment you would feel that you were the only person existing in the world. The next you'd hear the little terrors paddling their war canoes and giving their camp counsellors a lot of lip.

I guess the attraction of the area is that there is something for everyone.

From what I was to learn from Toni and a few others I met, sex is the big come-on for many who frequent the lake and its islands.

Toni told me, "I can do what I damn please here. If I meet a man and he seems like somebody I'd like to bed down with, I do it. Everything's nice and casual. That's the way I like it."

On my visits to Lake George Village I found the townspeople taking a tolerant view of sex in paradise.

One old timer even spoke with pride of a couple of particularly gory sex murders which occurred on the lake. "But most of the time it's a husband who's had enough of his wife. So he takes her out canoeing and only one of them comes back," he added.

I met an off duty state trooper at the bar of the Antlers. He shrugged off the quick shack-ups which abound in the area.

"When people go to a resort, they're looking to let down their hair. If the natives or the police hound them with too many blue laws, the business drops off. Now we try our best to keep things from getting out of hand. But if you think we're going to bring a couple of adults in on charges because they're in the same bed, you're wrong."

Toni told me that quite a few of her New York girl friends make the Lake George run. "Now that 87 comes all the way up past Diamond Point, you can get here in less than four hours. If you like camping, it's a natural. The lake is good. And there's plenty to do in the evenings. And then you never know whom you're going to meet." This last was accompanied by a meaningful pinch of my thigh.

Privacy is the big thing. The lake is a good 38 miles from Fort William Henry on the South to Ticonderoga on the north. Despite the tremendous influx of summer tourists which almost swamps the 1,026 year round residents, there is plenty of room to get lost.

For the wealthy there are private islands where they can build their lakeside palaces of pleasure. Some of the nation's most important industrialists have built sumptuous homes in the coves and along the peninsulas which jut out into the lake's deep blue waters. Many of these estates are accessible only by power boat.

A gas station attendant at Bolton Landing told me that the number of beautiful women who make their way to these private preserves is tremendous.

"They bring them up here in their foreign cars. They have their Chris Craft's all gassed up. They've laid in a complete liquor supply. Now you know the gal who has all that at her feet is going to put out like crazy," the grease monkey chortled. He plunked my ribs with a knowing elbow.

But where Lake George breaks with such posh spots as Grand Bahama is that you don't have to have a Dun and Bradstreet rating to make out.

For the average Joe there are more than enough girls like Toni to go around. Usually they come up by twos and threes. Some of them look for the security of the adult camps and larger motels. Others decide to be Jane to some Tarzan by setting



Robert Bregoff, President and founder of Utility Color Labs., Inc.

When you meet Mr. Bregoff you can't help but be charmed with the personality, keen wit and good humor of the man. He likes people and wants to see those associated with his organization share in the growth and success his company enjoys. This is the man who, appalled at the utter lack of any process to re-color and repair flexible vinyl materials, set about developing and processing the trademarked UTICOLOR system, which even today — is the only one of its kind in existence.

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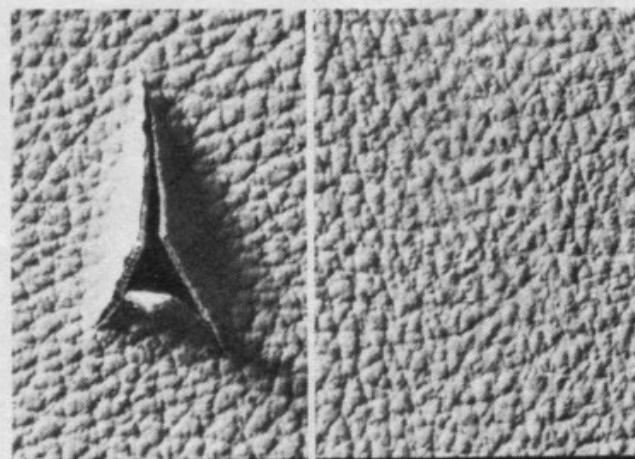
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up in pup tents which can be rented from the New York State authorities. It is possible to rent a small island for a few days, a week or two for those who enjoy roughing it.

The surprising thing about the area is the number of unescorted women who abound there. Lake George serves as a magnet for the young.

There are the hep college gals who work as waitresses in the resort hotels or camp counsellors. With the new sexual attitudes abounding in the country's colleges and the availability of birth control pills, these kids are anything but reluctant.

There are the teachers and advertising agency Girl Fridays on their annual trek north. They want to let off steam. Color them aggressive.

Most surprising however are the mature women who've left their husbands behind in New York or Albany or Philadelphia. These are the gals who check into places like the Sagamore. Many are in their thirties or early forties. They have the maturity which makes them even more alluring than their younger sisters. A good percentage of these women are almost completely sexually starved.

One I met who was doing the town at the bar of the Terrace Room told me her husband no longer tried to satisfy her.

"He's fallen in love with making money. He gets involved in big real estate deals. I think that he gets an orgasm out of getting the edge on somebody," she said.

"Damn it, I bought the most seductive perfume I could get hold of. It cost \$40 an ounce. I might as well have sprayed myself with Citronella. I stocked up on all the filmy black things you could think of.

It didn't make a bit of difference.

"Maybe he's whoring around down in New York. He could keep two or three girls on the side without my knowing about it. Whatever he's doing, he doesn't have any strength left over for me.

"I've gotten used to the idea. I have my own checking account. He keeps replenishing it without asking questions. He sends me off on trips. He must know I'm showing other men the color of my panties. But just so long as I'm discreet, he's satisfied.

"It isn't a perfect arrangement, but where can you find perfection these days. I'm fond of Sid and I do my best not to embarrass him. I come up here and find a likely candidate. We live a little. I go back home satisfied. When I get restless again, I take off for some other place. It seems to be working quite well."

So there it is. Want to share a sleeping bag with Toni? You can do it for as little as the \$50 it costs you to rent your boat and your camping equipment.

Want to romance a girl from one of the resorts? Be prepared to spend a little more. A good dinner and a few drinks at the Montcalm or the Antlers will stand you about \$35. However the service is excellent, the surroundings romantic, the general atmosphere gay and intimate.

Want to hit the mainland for a night in a motel? Good accommodations can be had at anywhere from \$14 to \$50 a day per person. In some cases you'll find a girl who's willing to stand her own share of the lodging costs. But we advise you not to look cheap for a couple of bucks. This is your big moment under the moon. Make the most of it.

Don't imagine you'll score every time. But your batting average should be of All-Star calibre.

Rent yourself an island, a motel room or a resort suite. Bring along a good supply of liquor. Go out and mingle. Let the gal take the lead. She'll let you know fast enough how far she wants to go. Keep it quiet and orderly and you don't have to worry about prying eyes.

The authorities and the resort workers have seen everything. They're relatively shock-proof. **END**

THE THUNDERBIRDS

(Continued from page 31)

The strengthening sun burned off some of the haze. At a distance of about 100 yards dim figures moved toward the isolated 3rd Platoon. The men spotted them and opened fire. There were no hits. At 75 yards there were forty Germans in a ravine, advancing toward the 3rd Platoon in a rush. Machine gunners and riflemen cut down half. The others were driven back. Some of the wounded crawled deeper into the wadi, some stayed where they were, screaming. Their comrades made no effort to rescue them.

Niffenegger checked the men in the fox-holes and found four dead, six wounded. He tried to reach company headquarters by radio, but failed. The sound-powered

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You see, none of us will ever go any farther than our ability to speak and write will let us go.

I have met countless numbers of intelligent men and women who are being held back in their jobs and social lives—often without knowing it—because they couldn't express themselves fully and easily.

What About You?

Could you get ahead faster with a command of good English? Just ask yourself these questions:

Even with all your ability and ambition, how long has it been since you had a promotion?

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Be Honest with Yourself

If people are not impressed by the way you speak and write—and, if you're honest enough with yourself to admit it—you have already taken the first big step to success.

The Next Step Is Easy

You can master good English *without going back to school*. Over the years I have helped thousands of men and women to stop making embarrassing mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, and become interesting conversationalists—*right in their own homes*.

Here's What to Do

I can help you, too, if you will give 15 minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can stop being ashamed of your English, and do something about getting ahead.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question *Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?*

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Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

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Answer There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question *How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

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phone wire had been cut by shell fragments. At 0800 he sent two runners out to check the line and to report to company headquarters. The men scrambled down the ridge, entered a wadi with knee-deep water at its bottom. They moved cautiously. Suddenly, four Germans appeared above them. Rifles cracked. The Americans pitched forward into the muddy water, dead.

Fifteen minutes later Niffenegger saw more of the enemy trying to encircle him by moving around his left flank. Platoon fire chased the Germans back into a ravine. The threat, however, forced him to send another runner to the command post with a request for artillery support. The man raced through 100 yards of murderous German fire and was brought down.

At 0830 there was another attack. Enemy soldiers ripped through American resistance and managed to reach some of the GIs in wadis and foxholes on the left. Bayonets flashed in the early morning sunlight. Men screamed as cold steel penetrated their bodies. Rifle butts thudded sickeningly into groins. Bones cracked as those steel-plated butts were rammed against faces and ribs. Gleaming bayonets now dripped entrails as the men holding them slashed and thrust and plunged, caught up in the kind of savagery that had American and German fighting not for objectives, but for survival.

Eventually, the assault lost momentum and died. Niffenegger recalled later, "A few more men and a few more minutes and the platoon would have been completely overrun."

The 3rd Platoon's situation was critical. One of the .30 caliber machineguns was out of action with an overheated barrel. The lieutenant had only 20 men able to fight. Half the ammunition was gone. Nine of his men were badly in need of medical attention, but couldn't be evacuated because the battalion aid station was under intense fire.

The worst development by far was that the Germans had managed to encircle the platoon.

Cut off and surrounded, his communications dead, Niffenegger decided to wait until dark, then withdraw to company headquarters. But the enemy had other ideas. Early that afternoon they sent another assault group up the rise. This time the 1st and 2nd squads fell before the Germans.

The 179th Regiment had its own troubles. Forty-five enemy planes bombed and strafed them. One bomb made a direct hit on the command post of the 3rd Battalion and knocked out all communication lines. Kesselring's forces exploited this advantage by widening the gap between the 179th and 157th Regiments. By noon they'd driven a wedge 2 miles wide and a mile deep.

The 179th Infantry Commander ordered his line shortened and his flanks tied in, which meant that his two forward battalions would have to pull back 1,000 yards. Attacking Germans forced the withdrawal to take place in daylight. The result was a disaster. Both battalions were torn to pieces. In plain view of Germans, the men scattered in small groups, fought their way out of traps or died in them. By the time they reached the final beachhead line the battalions had been reduced to company-size units.

Kesselring did what the U.S. Sixth Corps should have done on D-day. He pressed the

attack for all it was worth. He had three objectives and he was determined to carry them out. He had to compress the beachhead area, he had to prevent the Americans and British from enlarging it and he had to drive them into the sea. He had already accomplished the first two objectives; now he was quickly accomplishing the third.

To hasten the end, he brought up two great 280-mm. railroad guns. They were fired from railway tunnels near Campolene and Castel Gandolfo. GIs lightly named them "Anzio Express" or "Anzio Annie."

The Nazi General introduced the invincible Infantry Lehr Regiment and sent them to attack the Thunderbirds. It was a mistake he long regretted. The 45th's forces were dangerously depleted. The men were exhausted and low on ammunition. The Lehr Regiment was fresh, but untried. This supposedly crack home defense unit stormed forward. They met the Thunderbirds—and fell under a curtain of well-aimed lead. The Thunderbird's artillery opened up. Lehr casualties mounted quickly. Most of its officers were lost during the first few minutes. The unseasoned men broke under pressure and fled. Kesselring's mistake wasn't a turning point in the battle, but it did rob the Germans of their momentum.

Another Kesselring error was his reliance on the Goliath, a miniature tank about the size of a large dog. The Goliath was loaded with explosives and remotely controlled by electrical impulses sent through concrete walls. It had failed in Russia. On the first day of the attack, 13 were sent out and all bogged down. American artillery destroyed three. The others were dragged away by disgruntled Germans. It had failed at Anzio.

The fighting continued. It was a bitter struggle that lasted for days. The Thunderbirds refused to quit despite the odds. At one point the 179th Regiment had 14 German battalions facing them. Kesselring saw his last objective, that of driving the Americans into the sea, slipping away from him. His assault waves crumpled. German artillery tore American units to bits, but the men rallied, came out of their holes to clash with advancing Germans and proved to be better men.

On 22 February Clark told Deputy VI Corps Commander Lucian Truscott that he was to relieve General Lucas as corps commander.

Truscott took charge immediately. He knew that an Anzio breakout at this point would have to coincide with a breakthrough on the southern Italian front. Both fronts would have to link up and drive to Rome. It was the only way to smash the massive Kesselring build-up at Anzio.

The Anzio breakout came on 23 May, 1944. Clark now had the British 5th and 1st Division sholding the perimeter, plus the 45th and the 34th U.S. Divisions. He also had the Canadian-American First Special Service Force. The bulk of his Fifth Army in the south had overcome Cassino and had linked up with the Eighth Army in its drive north. Kesselring had five full divisions on the line, but he'd drained some of them in an effort to stem the flood of Americans coming up from the south.

At 0546 hours the beachhead guns crashed into action. For almost an hour the concentration of shells on the German forward positions was awe-inspiring.

Then suddenly, the shelling stopped. The men of the Thunderbird Division gritted their teeth and moved out of the foxholes

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CHAPTER

they'd come to despise. They were attacking at last—after four months of hell. By the end of the first day they'd taken all their immediate objectives and held the left flank of the major penetration. Other units had reached the Cisterna-Rome railroad and had captured 1,500 prisoners. But the gains were costly, especially for the 3rd Division, which had a total of 950 casualties.

The next day Terracina fell to the British. The Sixth Corps resumed its offensive against Cisterna and Kesselring received permission from Hitler to withdraw to the Caesar Line. The following day the Americans moved into Cisterna. Hours later the two separate Allied fronts in Italy met and became one.

The battle of Anzio was over. Clark could now strike out for Rome.

The Thunderbird Division—one of the very few outfits that had been at Anzio from the beginning to the triumphant end—was pulled out of the line. They would eventually go on to assaults in southern France. They would sweep through the Rhone Valley. Names like Toulouse, Vercors, Bourg and the Vosges Mountains would be entered into their division history. They'd remember Alsace and the Maginot Line, Neunkirch and the Siegfried Line. They'd particularly remember Dachau prison camp and the 32,000 slaves they liberated.

But it was their 120 days of slaughter at Anzio that would be ingrained in their souls forever. They would never forget the 7,000 who died there, nor the 36,000 who were wounded or missing in action.

Nor would they forget, ironically, that in time of peace you can drive the distance from Anzio to Rome in a little more than an hour...

END

TECHNIQUES

(Continued from page 16)

the girls they misuse. *Cow, puppy, sex kitten.* Knowing what they really think of you makes a girl feel nine feet tall. These commandos undoubtedly do a lot of sleeping around. Unfortunately there are millions of girls who are starved for male companionship that they'll do anything for the quick hamburger and the odd hour telephone call.

"And what's life like with one of these two bit romeos. You wait around in hopes. Maybe he'll call tonight. But if he does, you'll know it's only because he has nothing better to do.

"You know he's selfish to the core. He'll show it to you in a hundred different ways. For example, supposing you have a minor indisposition. Will Sir Galahad try to comfort you and sacrifice his own cravings? The heck he will. He'll ex-

pect you to come through for him. Why not? Hasn't he been generous beyond belief by offering his time and company to you.

"**H**OW does this work out in marriage? I'll tell you about a girl I know who was threatened with a miscarriage. Her gynecologist told her to refrain from all strenuous activities—including sexual relations. He added the words, 'if possible.' Well in my girl friend's case it wasn't possible. Her husband became sulky, nasty, wheedling and demanding. He wore her down until she gave into him despite her medical advice. You know the rest of the story. The hemorrhaging, the trip to the hospital in the dead of night, the shock of losing the pregnancy.

"When I recounted this shocking display of selfishness to my own physician, he just shook his head sadly. He told me that the husband's attitude had not been at all unusual. Time and again in his own practice he had come across such behavior. 'Sometimes it makes me wonder whether there are any decent guys left,' he said.

"It's been my experience that men like Dick have been spoiled from childhood. They have learned all of the techniques necessary to gain their own way. They are deeply selfish in all of their pursuits, not only in matters of sex. A girl may give into them. She may cater to them. She may take the approach that any man is better than no man. But deep down she hates them and despises herself for not being strong enough to fight them off."

That brought our informant to an accounting of the Harry's of the world. When she talked of their disrespect for her, she meant their scalp hunting activities.

IF Tom, Dick and Harry are all negative, what is it that our 24 year-old informant is seeking?

"I want a guy who will be a man in every sense of the word. I want him to be virile sexually. But I don't want him to be a sex machine who is devoid of emotion. I want him to take pride in protecting me. After all, isn't that a man's function?

"He doesn't have to be a millionaire. But he should be a guy who knows where he's going and wants to take me along with him. I don't want to dominate him and at the same time I don't want him to make a door mat out of me.

"A man's sexuality is of great importance to me. I know the tragedy that can be brought about by the



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lack of it. A case in point is one which happened to a woman I knew. Her husband married her without telling her that he was impotent. He had desired a home and a woman's companionship so much that he had held back his affliction from her.

"Far from finding happiness and a home, the deceitful husband saw his wife go to pieces because of the lie. She had to be confined in a mental home and never fully overcame the shock.

"But I say there is more to love techniques than sex. It is in the non-sexual moments of a marriage that a rewarding or devastating sex life is built. A woman cannot be abused because of in-law trouble, financial stress, housekeeping problems and a host of other things which go into the long term relationship with a man, and come away unscathed. Only when she feels totally secure can she reach out for her man with the sexual abandon which they both desire."

WHAT are the techniques of love then? Here are some:

1. Mature understanding. The woman who knows her husband wants her more than any other woman in the world *despite* her shortcomings is the one who will reward him with the bliss that only a woman can give.

2. Building a community of purpose. The man and woman who work together towards a common goal will translate their feelings into a richness of sexual experience unknown to the selfish people of the world.

3. Tenderness. A woman is completely vulnerable to the man with whom she shares the intimacies of marriage. He should never forget his ability to hurt her. He should always protect her from it.

4. Honest passion. No other consideration should occupy him during their shared moments of ecstasy. His problems, frustrations and anxieties must be put out of his mind. He must give himself to his wife in the same manner he expects her to give herself to him.

5. A joy in her response which is freely shown. He must get over the madonna-harlot syndrome which he reduces all women to either pious virgins or unredeemable sluts. The well adjusted, mature woman enjoys sexual experience as much as her husband. It is wrong to think that the passionate woman is one who has no morals. In reality the more sexually endowed she is, the more faithful she is likely to remain.

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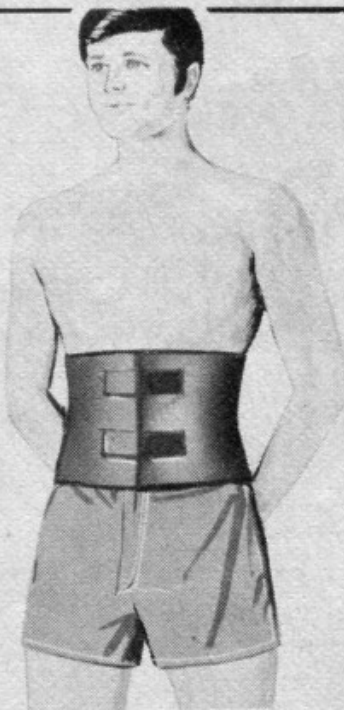
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8. An understanding of those things which cause her ecstasy and those which cause her revulsion. No practice between husband and wife can be thought of as evil as long as it brings happiness to both. However to forcibly cause one's wife to submit to practices she considers abhorrent is to destroy the structure of a marriage.

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SEXUAL SUICIDE

(Continued from page 26)

whose crushed body already lies under his wrecked automobile. He'd driven the same route from his home to his job for 10 years. He knew every inch of the road. There was no element of surprise in the curve which lay ahead. He'd been over it thousands of times.

Yet this morning there was no braking action. The car careened crazily. Too late, the driver fought the wheel. Could this have been predicted?

Yes. His wife could have known. The back of his license showed numerous traffic violations. He had to pay a higher than average insurance premium as the result of a number of minor accidents.

She could have known had she had the insight to understand the pattern of how and when the accidents occurred. Each took place when the husband was on his way to work following an unsatisfactory attempt to perform the marital act.

Rage over sex failures is an extremely deadly force. All of the energy which should be released in constructive expressions is perverted into destructive urges. Energy cannot be stilled. It can only be harnessed. The rage of the driver was converted into the energy which jammed his foot down on the accelerator. The rage of the bank officer is now being converted into the energy which causes the digestive juices to flow against the ever more sensitive duodenal ulcer.

What about our friend in the bar? What about the number of drinks he has already consumed? What about the number of butts which spill out of the ashtray?

Here is a man who has never grown from his infantilism. He is the same as his banana cream pie glutton counterpart. Both have remained in



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need of oral satisfaction as a compensation for the rigors of life. Both are terrified by the responsibilities which are attendant to adult sex. Each is gnawing his way into his grave.

NEITHER of these men know they have a sex problem. The drinker will tell you, "So I like a few shots, so what? And this stuff about cigarettes, that's for the birds."

The eater will counter with, "I enjoy the finer things of life. I'm only coming through this way once. I do what makes me happy." In truth, compulsion in the form of over-eating, extreme heavy smoking and intemperate drinking indicates a subconscious desire to remove one's self from the arena of normal sex activity. The imbibor seeks to make himself ungainly rather than appearing as a desirable sex partner.

A noted psychoanalyst reported that over-indulgence among teenagers was a safeguard for those who had doubts concerning their own worth as individuals. "Boys and girls who stuff themselves and become considerably obese may be seeking rejection by the opposite sex. They reason that if such rejection comes, it is brought by a physical lack of attractiveness over which they have no self control, rather than by any other failure. They are conjuring up the lesser of the two evils," she pointed out.

Another psychiatrist describes a case where his female patient periodically ate herself into periods of unconsciousness rather than face the possibilities of having intercourse. Since her teen years the woman had allowed herself to put on 150 pounds more than the average weight for her height.

The same lack of sexual confidence marks the problem drinker. He drinks for two purposes. To satisfy his oral cravings. To so intoxicate himself that he would not be able to carry out the sex act if such an opportunity were presented to him.

The chain smoker is likely to be sexually repressed. Once oral gratification might have been his only motivation. But since the Surgeon General's report linking smoking to malignant diseases, his refusal to turn away from cigarettes may indicate latent suicidal tendencies. . . .

Stified, thwarted or perverted attitudes towards sex bring a person into a morbid relationship with death.

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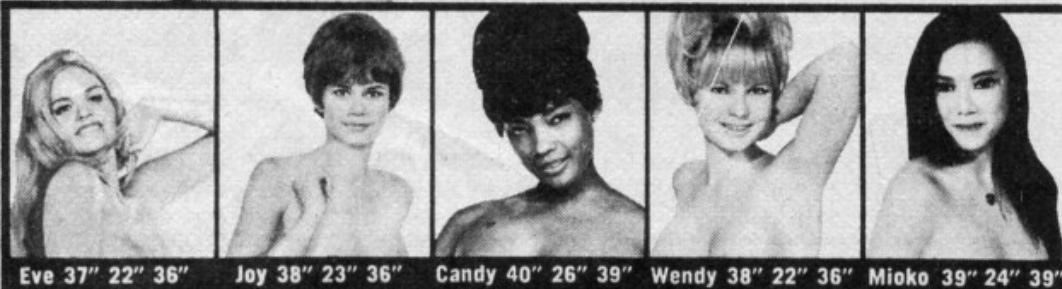
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physical side of his married life is repressed, may be doing the things designed to destroy himself.

The driver who wrecks his car because he has been enraged by his wife's coldness is an obvious case.

However the man who suffers a fatal coronary in the prime of life may have his premature attack attributed to overwork. His compulsive drives may not be linked with sex problems by the casual observer.

AN expert on cardio-vascular diseases has some revealing thoughts on this subject. "Many men have died on cardiac seizures in the performance of coitus," he says. "Yet in all the experience of my practice, I have never seen a man who expired while having relations with his own wife. All of the victims have been involved in illicit affairs. I believe it was the guilt and the nervous tension induced by the situation, rather than the physical exertion which caused the death."

Other physicians say that tensions built up by the denial of healthful relationships between man and wife may prove injurious to health. The man who drives himself mercilessly at work, on the golf course or on the dance floor may be trying to prove a worth he does not feel. His ego has been shattered by his failure to enter into a happy and rewarding sexual union. To compensate he becomes over-competitive. He must assert his masculinity at all costs — even at the price of his own life.

Stress with sex can be a killer as the guilt-ridden participant in the clandestine affair finds out. Just as deadly is the potential of the barren life of the unloved. Statistical information shows that bachelors succumb at a substantially lower age than do married men. Cardiac deaths are considered the executive's curse. Time and again physicians point to the overburdened tyro and nominate him as "the type."

"These men are bent on suicide. They have a death wish. They do not care for their wives or their families. They have been blinded by the need for power. They allow themselves to become so overwrought, so fatigued that they are incompetent to enter into meaningful relations with their wives," wrote one physician.

Overweight is one of the leading killers today.

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I hereby represent that I am 21 years of age or over.

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problems create situations of intense stress.

Alcohol is the crutch of the sexually maladjusted or repressed. Alcoholics have a life expectancy of 51 years as compared to 68 year for non-alcoholics. The statistical information is clear.

AS we have seen, there are many ways a man can become a victim of his sexual inadequacies. There are many ways in which he can commit sexual suicide without knowing he's doing it. Here is an incisive list of questions which may give you some valuable clues as to whether you are in danger. If your answer is yes to any of them, it is time for sober reflection.

1. Are you accident prone?
2. Have you been considered a reckless driver?
3. Are you a glutton when it comes to food?
4. Have you become more than ten pounds overweight?
5. Are you a heavy smoker?
6. Have you tried to break the cigarette habit and failed?
7. Although you consider yourself just an average drinker, do you drink when alone? Do you ever black out while drinking?
8. Are you overly competitive?
9. Are you given to emotional rages and outbursts?
10. Do you always feel you have to prove yourself?

You will note that none of these questions appears to have a sexual base. However sex may be the underlying cause for affirmative answers. Only you can judge by gaining a more complete understanding of your emotions and what makes them that way.

END

Give to fight

MS

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if you have
the nerve.

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Her name is Judy and she was made to please you, to serve you, to be at your beck and call. That's how she earned the title, LOVE MAID. And in or out of her apron, she was born to serve—lovingly. Just fill her with air and her body responds to your every touch. Created of strong, lasting vinyl, Judy feels smooth and almost too human. Her just-for-you dimensions are 37"-23"-36". And she's 5 feet 4 inches of playfulness from the top of her pretty head down to her toes.

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You'll find Judy to be very versatile, entertaining, surprising and accommodating. And, naturally, anything you suggest is just fine with Judy. After all, you're the master—literally. Your LOVE MAID was created to fulfill your every wish. She'll follow you anywhere, even into the pool, tub or shower. She's not scared of the water. Judy's not scared of anything!

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ONLY **\$8⁹⁵** DELUXE MODEL

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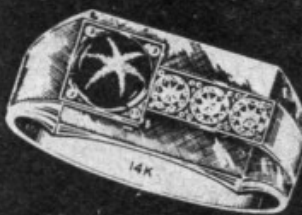
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